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MICROCOSMOGRAPHY;

OR

A Piece of the World discovered;

IN

ESSAYS AND CHARACTERS.

BY JOHN EARLE, D. D.

OF CHRIST-CHURCH AND MERTON COLLEGES, OXFORD,
AND BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

A NEW EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

NOTES AND AN APPENDIX,

BY PHILIP BLISS,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN HARDING, ST. JAMES'S-STREET;
AND
WHITE AND COCHRANE, FLEET-STREET.

1811.

Annex
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present edition of Bishop Earle's Characters was undertaken from an idea that they were well worthy of republication, and that the present period, when the productions of our early English writers are sought after with an avidity hitherto unexampled, would be the most favourable for their appearance.

The text has been taken from the edition of 1732, collated with the first impression in 1628. The variations from the latter are thus distinguished:—those words or passages which have been added since the first edition are contained between brackets, [and printed in the common type]; those which have received some alteration, are printed in *italic*, and the passages, as they stand in the first edition, are always given in a note.

For the Notes, Appendix, and Index, the editor is entirely answerable, and although he is fully aware that many superfluities will be censured, many omissions discovered, and many errors pointed out, he hopes that the merits of the original author will, in a great measure, compensate for the false judgment or neglect of his reviver.

January 30, 1811.

THE PREFACE

[TO THE EDITION OF 1732*.]

THIS little book had six editions between 1628 and 1633, without any author's name to recommend it: I have heard of an eighth in 1664. From that of 33 this present edition is reprinted, without altering any thing but the plain errors of the press, and the old pointing and spelling in some places.

The language is generally easy, and proves our English tongue not to be so very changeable as is commonly supposed; nay, sometimes the phrase seems a little obscure, more by the mistakes of the printer than the distance of time. Here and there we meet with a broad expression, and some characters are far below others; nor is it to be expected that so great a variety of portraits should all be drawn with equal excellence, though there are scarce any without some masterly touches. The change of fashions unavoidably casts a

* *London: Printed by E. Say, Anno Domini* M.DCC.XXXII.

shade upon a few places, yet even those contain an exact picture of the age wherein they were written, as the rest does of mankind in general: for reflections founded upon nature will be just in the main, as long as men are men, though the particular instances of vice and folly may be diversified. Paul's Walk is now no more, but then good company adjourn to coffee-houses, and, at the reasonable fine of two or three pence, throw away as much of their precious time as they find troublesome.

Perhaps these valuable essays may be as acceptable to the public now as they were at first; both for the entertainment of those who are already experienced in the ways of mankind, and for the information of others who would know the world the best way, that is—without trying it*.

* A short account of Earle, taken from the *Athenæ Oxonienses* is here omitted.

ADVERTISEMENT

[TO THE EDITION OF 1786 *.]

AS this entertaining little book is become rather scarce, and is replete with so much good sense and genuine humour, which, though in part adapted to the times when it first appeared, seems, on the whole, by no means inapplicable to any æra of mankind, the editor conceives that there needs little apology for the republication. A farther inducement is, his having, from very good authority, lately discovered † that these *Characters* (hitherto known only under the title of *Blount's* ‡), were ac-

* "*Microcosmography; or, a Piece of the World characterized; in Essays and Characters. London, printed A. D.* 1650. *Salisbury, Reprinted and sold by E. Easton,* 1786. *Sold also by G. and T. Wilkie, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.*"

† I regret extremely that I am unable to put the reader in possession of this very acute discoverer's name.

‡ This mistake originated with Langbaine, who, in his account of Lilly, calls Blount "a gentleman who has made himself known to the world by the several pieces of his own writing, (as *Horæ Subsecivæ*, his *Microcosmography*, &c.") *Dramatic Poets*, 8vo. 1691, p. 327.

tually drawn by the able pencil of JOHN EARLE, who was formerly bishop of Sarum, having been translated to that see from Worcester, A. D. 1663, and died at Oxford, 1665.

Isaac Walton, in his Life of Hooker, delineates the character of the said venerable prelate.

It appears from Antony Wood's Athen. Oxon. under the Life of Bishop Earle, that this book was first of all published at London in 1628, under the name of "*Edward Blount.*"

EDITIONS OF "MICROCOSMOGRAPHY."

THE first edition (of which the Bodleian possesses a copy, 8vo. P. 154. Theol.) was printed with the following title: "*Micro-cosmographie: or, a Peece of the World discovered; In Essayes and Characters. Newly composed for the Northerne parts of this Kingdome. At London. Printed by W. S. for Ed. Blount*, 1628." This contains only fifty-four characters *, which in the present edition are placed first. I am unable to speak of any subsequent copy, till one in the following year, (1629), printed for Robert Allot †, and called in the title "*The first edition much enlarged.*" This, as Mr. Henry Ellis kindly informs me, from a copy in the British Museum, possesses seventy-six characters. The *sixth* was printed for Allot, in 1633, (*Bodl. Mar.* 441,) and has seventy-eight, the additional ones being "a herald," and "a suspicious, or jealous man." The *seventh* appeared in 1638, for Andrew Crooke, agreeing precisely with the sixth; and in 1650 the *eighth*. A copy of the latter is in the

* Having never seen or been able to hear of any copy of the second, third, or fourth editions, I am unable to point out when the additional characters first appeared.

† Robert Allot, better known as the editor of *England's Parnassus*, appears to have succeeded Blount in several of his copy-rights, among others, in that of Shakspeare, as the second edition (1632) was printed for him.

curious library of Mr. Hill, and, as Mr. Park acquaints me, is without any specific edition numbered in the title. I omit that noticed by the editor of 1732, as printed in 1664, for if such a volume did exist, which I much doubt, it was nothing more than a copy of the eighth with a new title-page. In 1732 appeared the *ninth*, which was a reprint of the *sixth*, executed with care and judgment. I have endeavoured in vain to discover to whom we are indebted for this republication of bishop Earle's curious volume, but it is probable that the person who undertook it, found so little encouragement in his attempt to revive a taste for the productions of our early writers, that he suffered his name to remain unknown. Certain it is that the impression, probably not a large one, did not sell speedily, as I have seen a copy, bearing date 1740, under the name of "*The World display'd: or several Essays; consisting of the various Characters and Passions of its principal Inhabitants*," &c. London, printed for C. Ward, and R. Chandler. The edition printed at Salisbury, in 1786, (which has only seventy-four characters,) with that now offered to the public, close the list.

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* It will be remarked, that Dr. Earle's name is frequently spelled *Earle* and *Earles* in the following pages. Wherever the editor has had occasion to use the name himself, he has invariably called it *Earle*, conceiving that to be the proper orthography. Wherever it is found *Earles*, he has attended strictly to the original, from which the article or information has been derived.

TO THE READER *.

I HAVE (for once) adventured to play the midwife's part, helping to bring forth these infants into the world, which the father would have smothered; who having left them lapt up in loose sheets, as soon as his fancy was delivered of them, written especially for his private recreation, to pass away the time in the country, and by the forcible request of friends drawn from him: yet, passing severally from hand to hand, in written copies, grew at length to be a pretty number in a little volume; and among so many sundry dispersed transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious had like to have passed the press, if the author had not used speedy means of prevention; when, perceiving the hazard he ran to be wronged, was unwillingly † willing to let them pass as now they appear to the world. If any faults have escaped the press (as few books can be printed without), impose them not on the author, I intreat thee; but rather impute them to mine and the printer's oversight,

* *Gentile, or Gentle,* 8th edit. 1650.

† Willingly, 8th edit. evidently a typographical error.

who seriously promise, on the re-impression hereof, by greater care and diligence for this our former default, to make thee ample satisfaction. In the mean while, I remain

Thine,

Ed. Blount *.

* Edward Blount, who lived at the Black Bear, Saint Paul's Church-yard, appears to have been a bookseller of respectability, and in some respects a man of letters. Many dedications and prefaces, with as much merit as compositions of this nature generally possess, bear his name, and there is every reason to suppose that he translated a work from the Italian, which he intituled "*The Hospitall of Incvrable Fooles*," &c. 4to. 1600. Mr. Ames has discovered, from the Stationer's Register, that he was the son of Ralph Blount or Blunt, merchant-taylor of London; that he was apprenticed to William Ponsonby, in 1578, and made free in 1588. It is no slight honour to his taste and judgment, that he was one of the partners in the first edition of Shakspeare.

MICROCOSMOGRAPHY;

or,

A piece of the World characterized.

1.

A child

IS a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper[1] unscribbled with obser-

[1] So Washbourne, in his *Divine Poems*, 12mo. 1654:

"—— ere 'tis accustom'd unto sin,
The mind white paper is, and will admit
Of any lesson you will write in it."—p. 26.

vations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. [[2] All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity.] His hardest

Shakspeare, of a child, says,

"——— the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume."
K. John, II. 1.

[2] This, and every other passage throughout the volume, [included between brackets,] does not appear in the first edition of 1628.

labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish ports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches [3]. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eter-

[3] Adam did not, to use the words of the old Geneva Bible, "make himself breeches," till he knew sin: the meaning of the passage in the text is merely that, as a child advances in age, he commonly proceeds in the knowledge and commission of vice and immorality.

nity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

II.

A young raw preacher

Is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the university hath set him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a divine. His small standing, and time, hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which, and his table-book, he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which, taken up at St. Mary's [4], he utters in the

[4] St. Mary's church was originally built by king Alfred, and annexed to the University of Oxford, for the

country: and if he write brachigraphy [5], his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading, for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers

use of the scholars, when St. Giles's and St. Peter's (which were till then appropriated to them,) had been ruined by the violence of the Danes. It was totally rebuilt during the reign of Henry VII. who gave forty oaks towards the materials; and is, to this day, the place of worship in which the public sermons are preached before the members of the university.

5 *Brachigraphy*, or short-hand-writing, appears to have been much studied in our author's time, and was probably esteemed a fashionable accomplishment. It was first introduced into this country by Peter Bales, who, in 1590, published *The Writing Schoolmaster*, a treatise consisting of three parts, the first "of Brachygraphie, that is, to write as fast as a man speaketh treatably, writing but one letter for a word;" the second, of Orthography; and the third, of Calligraphy. Imprinted at London, by T. Orwin, &c. 1590. 4to. A second edition, "with sundry new additions," appeared in

his college more at large[6]. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over

1597. 12mo. Imprinted at London, by George Shawe, &c. Holinshed gives the following description of one of Bales' performances:—"The tenth of August (1575,) a rare peece of worke, and almost incredible, was brought to passe by an Englishman borne in the citie of London, named Peter Bales, who by his industrie and practise of his pen, contriued and writ within the compasse of a penie, in Latine, the Lord's praier, the creed, the ten commandements, a praier to God, a praier for the queene, his posie, his name, the daie of the moneth, the yeare of our Lord, and the reigne of the queene. And on the seuenteenthe of August next following, at Hampton court, he presented the same to the queen's maiestie, in the head of a ring of gold, couered with a christall; and presented therewith an excellent spectacle by him deuised, for the easier reading thereof: wherewith hir maiestie read all that was written therein with great admiration, and commended the same to the lords of the councell, and the ambassadors, and did weare the same manie times vpon hir finger." *Holinshed's Chronicle, page* 1262, *b. edit. folio, Lond.* 1587.

[6] It is customary in all sermons delivered before the University, to use an introductory prayer for the founder of, and principal benefactors to, the preacher's individual college, as well as for the officers and members of the university in general. This, however,

hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made [7] *in* it himself, is the faces. He takes on against the pope without mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine: yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I must needs say, very orthodox. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. [His stile is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary.] He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon book; and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still

would appear very ridiculous when "*he comes down to his friends*," or, in other words, preaches before a country congregation.

[7] *of*, first edit. 1628.

the same, only the dressing a little altered: he has more tricks with a sermon, than a taylor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded farther in his profession, and would shew reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school-divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit gets him in with some town-precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facing; and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonishes with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means to a chambermaid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock:---next Sunday you shall have him again.

III.

A grave divine

Is one that knows the burthen of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient; for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port, the university, but expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning but the end of his studies; to which he takes the ordinary stair, and makes the arts his way. He counts it not prophaneness to be polished with human reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to school-divinity. He has sounded both religions, and anchored in the best, and is a protestant out of judgment, not faction; not because his country, but his reason is on this side. The ministry is his choice, not refuge, and yet the pulpit not his itch, but fear. His discourse is substance, not all rhetoric, and he utters more things than words. His speech is

not helped with inforced action, but the matter acts itself. He shoots all his meditations at one but; and beats upon his text, not the cushion; making his hearers, not the pulpit groan. In citing of popish errors, he cuts them with arguments, not cudgels them with barren invectives; and labours more to shew the truth of his cause than the spleen. His sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glass; and his devotion goes along with him out of the pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week, because he would not be idle; nor talks three hours together, because he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the every day's exercise. In matters of ceremony, he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the church to bow his judgement to it, and make more conscience of schism, than a surplice. He esteems the church hierarchy as the church's glory, and however we jar with Rome,

would not have our confusion distinguish us. In simoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in the bargain, and is loath to come by promotion so dear: yet his worth at length advances him, and the price of his own merit buys him a living. He is no base grater of his tythes, and will not wrangle for the odd egg. The lawyer is the only man he hinders, by whom he is spited for taking up quarrels. He is a main pillar of our church, though not yet dean or canon, and his life our religion's best apology. His death is the last sermon, where, in the pulpit of his bed, he instructs men to die by his example [8].

[8] I cannot forbear to close this admirable character with the beautiful description of a "*poure Persone,*" *riche of holy thought and werk,* given by the father of English poetry:—

> "Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
> And in adversite ful patient:
> And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
> Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,

IV.

A meer dull physician.

His practice is some business at bedsides, and his speculation an urinal: he is distinguished from an empiric, by a round velvet cap and doctor's gown, yet no man takes degrees

But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.

* * * *

And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse.

* * * *

He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,

more superfluously, for he is doctor howsoever. He is sworn to Galen and Hippocrates, as university men to their statutes, though they never saw them; and his discourse is all aphorisms, though his reading be only Alexis of Piedmont[9],

> But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
> He taught, but first he folwed it himselve."
> *Chaucer, Prol. to Cant. Tales, v.* 485.

We may surely conclude with a line from the same poem,

> " A better preest I trowe that nowher non is."

[9] *The secretes of the reverende maister Alexis of Picmovnt, containyng excellente remedies against diuers diseases,* &c. appear to have been a very favourite study either with the physicians, or their patients, about this period.

They were originally written in Italian, and were translated into English by William Warde, of which editions were printed at London, in 1558, 1562, 1595, and 1615. In 1603, a *fourth* edition of a Latin version appeared at Basil; and from Ward's dedication to " the lorde Russell, erle of Bedford," it seems that the French and Dutch were not without so great a treasure in their own languages. A specimen of the importance of this publication may be given in the title of the

or the Regiment of Health [10]. The best cure he has done, is upon his own purse, which from a lean sickliness he hath made lusty, and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of gally-pots in his apothecary's shop, which are ranked in his shelves and the doctor's memory. He is, indeed, only languaged in diseases, and speaks Greek many times when he knows not. If he have been but a by-stander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it though he be guiltless; and this breeds his reputation, and that his practice, for his skill is merely opinion. Of all odours he likes best the smell of urine, and

first secret. "The maner and secrete to conserue a man's youth, and to holde back olde age, to maintaine a man always in helth and strength, as in the fayrest floure of his yeres."

[10] *The Regiment of Helthe*, by Thomas Paynell, is another volume of the same description, and was printed by Thomas Berthelette, in 1541. 4to.

holds Vespasian's[1] rule, that no gain is unsavory. If you send this once to him you must resolve to be sick howsoever, for he will never leave examining your water, till he has shaked it into a disease[2]: then follows a writ to his drugger in a strange tongue, which he understands, though he cannot conster. If he see you himself, his presence is the worst visitation: for if he cannot heal your sickness, he will be sure to help it. He translates his apothecary's shop into your chamber, and the very

[1] *Vespatian*, tenth emperor of Rome, imposed a tax upon urine, and when his son Titus remonstrated with him on the meanness of the act, "Pecuniam," says Suetonius, "ex prima pensione admovit ad nares, suscitans *num odore offenderetur?* et illo negante, atqui, inquit, e lotio est."

[2] "Vpon the market-day he is much haunted with vrinals, where, if he finde any thing, (though he knowe nothing,) yet hee will say some-what, which if it hit to some purpose, with a fewe fustian words, hee will seeme a piece of strange stuffe." Character of an unworthy physician. "*The Good and the Badde*," by Nicholas Breton. 4to. 1618.

windows and benches must take physic. He tells you your malady in Greek, though it be but a cold, or head-ach; which by good endeavour and diligence he may bring to some moment indeed. His most unfaithful act is, that he leaves a man gasping, and his pretence is, death and he have a quarrel and must not meet; but his fear is, lest the carkass should bleed[3]. Anatomies, and other spectacles of mortality, have hardened him, and he is no more struck with a funeral than a grave-maker. Noblemen use him for a director of their sto-

[3] That the murdered body bleeds at the approach of the murderer, was, in our author's time, a commonly received opinion. Holinshed affirms that the corps of Henry the Sixth bled as it was carrying for interment; and Sir Kenelm Digby so firmly believed in the truth of the report, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. It is remarked by Mr. Steevens, in a note to *Shakspeare*, that the opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations, from whom we descend; as they practised this method of trial in all dubious cases.

mach, and ladies for wantonness[4], especially if he be a proper man[5]. If he be single, he is in league with his she-apothecary; and because it is the physician, the husband is patient. If he have leisure to be idle (that is to study,) he has a smatch at alcumy, and is sick of the philosopher's stone; a disease uncurable, but by an abundant phlebotomy of the purse. His two main opposites are a mountebank and a good woman, and he never shews his learning so much as in an invective against them and their boxes. In conclusion, he is a sucking consumption, and a very brother to the worms, for they are both ingendered out of man's corruption.

[4] " Faith, doctor, it is well, thy study is to please
The female sex, and how their corp'rall griefes to ease."

Goddard's "*Mastif Whelp.*" *Satires.* 4to. Without date. Sat. 17.

[5] *Proper* for handsome.

V.

An alderman.

He is venerable in his gown, more in his beard, wherewith he sets not forth so much his own, as the face of a city. You must look on him as one of the town gates, and consider him not as a body, but a corporation. His eminency above others hath made him a man of worship, for he had never been preferred, but that he was worth thousands. He over-sees the commonwealth, as his shop, and it is an argument of his policy, that he has thriven by his craft. He is a rigorous magistrate in his ward; yet his scale of justice is suspected, lest it be like the balances in his warehouse. A ponderous man he is, and substantial, for his weight is commonly extraordinary, and in his preferment nothing rises so much as his belly. His head is of no great depth, yet well furnished; and

when it is in conjunction with his brethren, may bring forth a city apophthegm, or some such sage matter. He is one that will not hastily run into error, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgment consists much in his pace. His discourse is commonly the annals of his mayoralty, and what good government there was in the days of his gold chain though the door posts were the only things that suffered reformation. He seems most sincerely religious, especially on solemn days; for he comes often to church to make a shew, [and i a part of the quire hangings.] He is the highest stair of his profession, and an example to his trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority, but more of his sattin doublet, which, though of good years, bears its age very well, and looks fresh every Sunday: but his scarlet gown is a monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

VI.

A discontented man

Is one that is fallen out with the world, and will be revenged on himself. Fortune has denied him in something, and he now takes pet, and will be miserable in spite. The root of his disease is a self-humouring pride, and an accustomed tenderness not to be crossed in his fancy; and the occasion commonly of one of these three, a hard father, a peevish wench, or his ambition thwarted. He considered not the nature of the world till he felt it, and all blows fall on him heavier, because they light not first on his expectation. He has now foregone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His composure of himself is a studied carelessness, with his arms across, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloak; and he is as great an

enemy to an hat-band, as fortune. He quarrels at the time and up-starts, and sighs at the neglect of men of parts, that is, such as himself. His life is a perpetual satyr, and he is still girding[6] the age's vanity, when this very anger shews he too much esteems it. He is much displeased to see men merry, and wonders what they can find to laugh at. He never draws his own lips higher than a smile, and frowns wrinkle him before forty. He at last falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men, and is the most apt companion for any mischief. He is the spark that kindles the commonwealth, and the bellows himself to blow it: and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of these, either friar, traitor, or mad-man.

6 To *gird*, is to sneer at, or scorn any one. Falstaff says, "men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me."—*Henry IV. Part 2.*

VII.

An antiquary;

He is a man strangly thrifty of time past, and an enemy indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. He is one that hath that unnatural disease to be enamoured of old age and wrinkles, and loves all things (as Dutchmen do cheese,) the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten. He is of our religion, because we say it is most antient; and yet a broken statue would almost make him an idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old monuments, and reads only those characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you forty miles to see a saint's well or a ruined abbey; and there be but a cross or stone foot-stool in the way, he'll be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in

shekels, and Roman coins; and he hath more pictures of Cæsar, than James or Elizabeth. Beggars cozen him with musty things which they have raked from dunghills, and he preserves their rags for precious relicks. He loves no library, but where there are more spiders volumes than authors, and looks with great admiration on the antique work of cobwebs. Printed books he contemns, as a novelty of this latter age, but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable. He would give all the books in his study (which are rarities all,) for one of the old Roman binding, or six lines of Tully in his own hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange beasts skins, and is a kind of charnel-house of bones extraordinary; and his discourse upon them, if you will hear him, shall last longer. His very attire is that which

is the eldest out of fashion, [* *and you may pick a criticism out of his breeches.*] He never looks upon himself till he is grey-haired, and then he is pleased with his own antiquity. His grave does not fright him, for he has been used to sepulchers, and he likes death the better, because it gathers him to his fathers.

VIII.

A younger brother.

His elder brother was the Esau, that came out first and left him like Jacob at his heels. His father has done with him, as Pharoah to the children of Israel, that would have them make brick and give them no straw, so he tasks him

* In the first edition it stands thus:—"*and his hat is as antient as the tower of Babel.*"

to be a gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it. The pride of his house has undone him, which the elder's knighthood must sustain, and his beggary that knighthood. His birth and bringing up will not suffer him to descend to the means to get wealth; but he stands at the mercy of the world, and which is worse, of his brother. He is something better than the serving-men; yet they more saucy with him than he bold with the master, who beholds him with a countenance of stern awe, and checks him oftener than his liveries. His brother's old suits and he are much alike in request, and cast off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furnished him with a little more wit upon compassion, for it is like to be his best revenue. If his annuity stretch so far, he is sent to the university, and with great heart-burning takes upon him the ministry, as a profession he is condemned to by his ill fortune. Others take a more crooked path yet,

the king's high-way; where at length their vizard is plucked off, and they strike fair for Tyburn: but their brother's pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His last refuge is the Low-countries[7], where rags and lice are no scandal, where he lives a poor gentleman of a company, and dies without a shirt. The only thing that may better his fortunes is an art he has to make a gentlewoman, wherewith he baits now and then some rich widow that is hungry after his blood. He is commonly discontented and desperate, and the form of his exclamation is, *that*

[7] The Low-countries appear to have afforded ample room for ridicule at all times. In "*A brief Character of the Low-countries under the States, being Three Weeks Observation of the Vices and Virtues of the Inhabitants*, written by Owen Felltham, and printed Lond. 1659, 12mo. we find them epitomized as a general sea-land—the great bog of Europe—an universal quagmire—in short, a green cheese in pickle. The sailors (in which denomination the author appears to include all the natives,) he describes as being able to "drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, andbe *lowsie* alike." P. 40.

churl my brother. He loves not his country for this unnatural custom, and would have long since revolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent[8] only, which he holds in admiration.

IX.

A meer formal man

Is somewhat more than the shape of a man; for he has his length, breadth, and colour.

[8] *Gavelkind*, or the practice of dividing lands equally among all the male children of the deceased, was (according to Spelman,) adopted by the Saxons, from Germany, and is noticed by Tacitus in his description of that nation. *Gloss. Archaiol.* folio, Lond. 1664. Harrison, in *The Description of England*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicle*, (vol. i. page 180,) says, "Gauell kind is all the male children equallie to inherit. and is continued to this daie in *Kent*, where it is onelie to my knowledge reteined, and no where else in England." And Lambarde, in his *Customes of Kent*, (*Perambulation*, 4to. 1596, page 538,) thus notices it:—"The custom of Grauelkynde is generall, and spreadeth itselfe throughout the whole shyre, into all landes subiect by auncient tenure vnto the same, such places onely excepted, where it is altered by acte of parleament."

When you have seen his outside, you have looked through him, and need employ your discovery no farther. His reason is merely example, and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men do thus, and he follows them. He is a negative, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a fool; nor an honest man, but not a knave; nor a protestant, but not a papist. The chief burden of his brain is the carriage of his body and the setting of his face in a good frame; which he performs the better, because he is not disjointed with other meditations. His religion is a good quiet subject, and he prays as he swears, in the phrase of the land. He is a fair guest, and a fair inviter, and can excuse his good cheer in the accustomed apology. He has some faculty in mangling of a rabbit, and the distribution of his morsel to a neighbour's trencher. He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself, when it comes to his

turn. His businesses with his friends are to visit them, and whilst the business is no more, he can perform this well enough. His discourse is the news that he hath gathered in his walk, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will only what he can, that is, say nothing. His life is like one that runs to the [9] church-walk, to take a turn or two, and so passes. He hath staid in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

X.

A Church-Papist

Is one that parts his religion betwixt his conscience and his purse, and comes to church not to serve God but the king. The face of the law makes him wear the mask of the gospel, which

[9] *Minster-walk*, 1st edit.

he uses not as a means to save his soul, but charges. He loves Popery well, but is loth to lose by it; and though he be something scared with the bulls of Rome, yet they are far off, and he is struck with more terror at the apparitor. Once a month he presents himself at the church, to keep off the church-warden, and brings in his body to save his bail. He kneels with the congregation, but prays by himself, and asks God forgiveness for coming thither. If he be forced to stay out a sermon, he pulls his hat over his eyes, and frowns out the hour; and when he comes home, thinks to make amends for this fault by abusing the preacher. His main policy is to shift off the communion, for which he is never unfurnished of a quarrel, and will be sure to be out of charity at Easter; and indeed he lies not, for he has a quarrel to the sacrament. He would make a bad martyr and good traveller, for his conscience is so large he could never wander out of it; and in

Constantinople would be circumcised with a reservation. His wife is more zealous and therefore more costly, and he bates her in tires[10] what she stands him in religion. But we leave him hatching plots against the state, and expecting Spinola[1].

10 The word *tire* is probably here used as an abbreviation of the word *attire*, dress, ornament.

1 *Ambrose Spinola* was one of the most celebrated and excellent commanders that Spain ever possessed: he was born, in 1569, of a noble family, and distinguished himself through life in being opposed to prince Maurice of Nassau, the greatest general of his age, by whom he was ever regarded with admiration and respect. He died in 1630, owing to a disadvantage sustained by his troops at the siege of Cassel, which was to be entirely attributed to the imprudent orders he received from Spain, and which that government compelled him to obey. This disaster broke his heart; and he died with the exclamation of "*they have robbed me of my honour;*" an idea he was unable to survive. It is probable that, at the time this character was composed, many of the disaffected in England were in expectation of an attack to be made on this country by the Spaniards, under the command of Spinola.

XI.

A self-conceited man

Is one that knows himself so well, that he does not know himself. Two excellent well-dones have undone him, and he is guilty of it that first commended him to madness. He is now become his own book, which he pores on continually, yet like a truant reader skips over the harsh places, and surveys only that which is pleasant. In the speculation of his own good parts, his eyes, like a drunkard's, see all double, and his fancy, like an old man's spectacles, make a great letter in a small print. He imagines every place where he comes his theater, and not a look stirring but his spectator; and conceives men's thoughts to be very idle, that is, [only] busy about him. His walk is still in the fashion of a march, and like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes most fixed upon his own person, or on others with reflection to

himself. If he have done any thing that has past with applause, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extasy his hearers were in at every period. His discourse is all positions and definitive decrees, with *thus it must be* and *thus it is*, and he will not humble his authority to prove it. His tenent is always singular and aloof from the vulgar as he can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He has an excellent humour for an heretick, and in these days made the first Arminian. He prefers Ramus before Aristotle, and Paracelsus before Galen,[2] [*and whosoever with most paradox is commended.*] He much pities the world that has no more insight in his parts, when he is too well discovered even to this very thought. A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he knows

[2] *and Lipsius his hopping stile before either Tully or Quintilian.* First edit.

before : and yet he loves him too, because he is like himself. Men are merciful to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out : his own bitter enemy and discontent presently makes a murder. In sum, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

XII.

A too idly reserved man

Is one that is a fool with discretion, or a strange piece of politician, that manages the state of himself. His actions are his privy-council, wherein no man must partake beside. He speaks under rule and prescription, and dare not shew his teeth without Machiavel. He converses with his neighbours as he would

in Spain, and fears an inquisitive man as much as the inquisition. He suspects all questions for examinations, and thinks you would pick something out of him, and avoids you. His breast is like a gentlewoman's closet, which locks up every toy or trifle, or some bragging mountebank that makes every stinking thing a secret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of silence, and whispers you in the ear acts of parliament. You may as soon wrest a tooth from him as a paper, and whatsoever he reads is letters. He dares not talk of great men for fear of bad comments, and *he knows not how his words may be misapplied.* Ask his opinion, and he tells you his doubt; and he never hears any thing more astonishedly than what he knows before. His words are like the cards at primivist [3],

[3] *Primivist* and primero were, in all probability, the same game, although Minshew, in his Dictionary,

where 6 is 18, and 7, 21; for they never signify what they sound; but if he tell you he will do

calls them "*two* games at cardes." The latter he explains, "primum et primum visum, that is, first and first seene, because hee that can shew such an order of cardes, first winnes the game." The coincidence between Mr. Strutt's description of the former and the passage in the text, shews that there could be little or no difference between the value of the cards in these games, or in the manner of playing them. "Each player had four cards dealt to him, one by one, the *seven* was the highest card, in point of number, that he could avail himself of, *which counted for twenty-one*, the *six counted for sixteen*, the five for fifteen, and the ace for the same," &c. (*Sports and Pastimes*, 247.) The honourable Daines Barrington conceived that Primero was introduced by Philip the Second, or some of his suite, whilst in England. Shakspeare proves that it was played in the royal circle.

——"I left him (Henry VIII.) at *Primero*
With the duke of Suffolk."——

Henry VIII.

So Decker: "Talke of none but lords and such ladies with whom you have plaid at *Primero*."—*Gul's Hornebooke*, 1609. 37.

Among the marquis of Worcester's celebrated "*Century of Inventions*," 12mo. 1663, is one "so contrived

a thing, it is as much as if he swore he would not. He is one, indeed, that takes all men to be craftier than they are, and puts himself to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and designs, where they mean freely. He has been long a riddle himself, but at last finds Œdipuses; for his over-acted dissimulation discovers him, and men do with him as they would with Hebrew letters, spell him backwards and read him.

XIII.

A tavern

Is a degree, or (if you will,) a pair of stairs

without suspicion, that playing at Primero at cards, one may, without clogging his memory, keep reckoning of all sixes, sevens, and aces, which he hath discarded." —No. 87.

above an ale-house, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose[4] be at door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy-bush: the rooms are ill breathed like the drinkers that have been washed well over night, and are smelt-to fasting next morning; not furnished with beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary implements, stools, table, and a chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spungy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise, and this musick above is answered with the clinking below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up, and howsoever we esteem of

[4] "Enquire out those tauernes which are best customd, whose maisters are oftenest drunk, for that confirmes their taste, and that they choose wholesome wines."—Decker's *Gul's Horne-booke*, 1609.

them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theater of natures, where they are truly acted, not played, and the business as in the rest of the world up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken; men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus's sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker-away of a rainy day. It is the torrid zone that scorches *the*[5] face, and tobacco the gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable vintner had not water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are

[5] *his*, First edit.

never out; and it is like those countries far in the North, where it is as clear at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, while the Jordans like swelling rivers overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it; it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary[6] their book, whence we leave them.

6 The editor of the edition in 1732, has altered *canary* to "*sherry*," for what reason I am at a loss to discover, and have consequently restored the reading of the first edition. Venner gives the following description of this favourite liquor. "Canarie-wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a sacke, with this adjunct, sweete; but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from sacke

XIV.

A shark

Is one whom all other means have failed, and he now lives of himself. He is some needy

in sweetness and pleasantness of taste, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as sack, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive than sack, and less penetrative." *Via recta ad Vitam longam.* 4to. 1622. In Howell's time, Canary wine was much adulterated. "I think," says he, in one of his *Letters*, "there is more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides; I think also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine, than there is brought in; for Sherries and Malagas, well mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns. When Sacks and Canaries," he continues," were brought in first amongst us, they were used to be drunk in aqua vitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their *legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses,* and an *almanack in their bones;* but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk." Howell, *Letter to the lord Cliff,* dated Oct. 7, 1634.

cashiered fellow, whom the world hath oft flung off, yet still clasps again, and is like one a drowning, fastens upon any thing that is next at hand. Amongst other of his shipwrecks he has happily lost shame, and this want supplies him. No man puts his brain to more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new stratagem. He has an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there passed but *how do you* betwixt them seven years ago, it shall suffice for an embrace, and that for money. He offers you a pottle of sack out of joy to see you, and in requital of his courtesy you can do no less than pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a school-boy with his points, when he is going to be whipped, 'till the master, weary with long stay, forgives him. When the reckoning is paid, he says, It must not be so, yet is strait pacified, and cries, What remedy? His borrowings are like subsidies, each man a shilling

or two, as he can well dispend; which they lend him, not with a hope to be repaid, but that he will come no more. He holds a strange tyranny over men, for he is their debtor, and they fear him as a creditor. He is proud of any employment, though it be but to carry commendations, which he will be sure to deliver at eleven of the clock[7]. They in courtesy bid him stay, and he in manners cannot deny them If he find but a good look to assure his welcome, he becomes their half-boarder, and haunts the threshold so long 'till he forces good

[7] We learn from Harrison's *Description of England*, prefixed to Holinshed, that *eleven o'clock* was the usual time for dinner during the reign of Elizabeth. "With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doo ordinarilie go to dinner at *eleuen before noone*, and to supper at fiue, or between fiue and six at afternoone." (vol. i. page 171. edit. 1587.) The alteration in manners at this time is rather singularly evinced, from a passage immediately following the above quotation, where we find that *merchants* and *husbandmen* dined and supped at a *later hour than the nobility*.

nature to the necessity of a quarrel. Publick invitations he will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witness of the sheriff's hospitality[8]. Men shun him at length as they would do an infection, and he is never crossed in his way if there be but a lane to escape him. He has done with the age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as he could, and at last drops off.

[8] Alluding to the public dinners given by the sheriff at particular seasons of the year. So in *The Widow*, a comedy, 4to. 1652.

> "And as at a *sheriff's table*, O blest custome!
> A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
> Feed well, and without fear, and depart so."

XV.

A carrier

Is his own hackney-man; for he lets himself out to travel as well as his horses. He is the ordinary embassador between friend and friend, the father and the son, and brings rich presents to the one, but never returns any back again. He is no unlettered man, though in shew simple; for questionless, he has much in his budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place. He is [like] the vault[9] in Gloster

9 The chapel of the Virgin Mary, in the cathedral church of Gloucester, was founded by Richard Stanley, abbot, in 1457, and finished by William Farley, a monk of the monastery, in 1472. Sir Robert Atkyns gives the following description of the vault here alluded to. "The *whispering place* is very remarkable; it is a long alley, from one side of the choir to the other, built circular, that it might not darken the great east window of the choir. When a person whispers at one end of the alley, his voice is heard distinctly at the other end, though the passage be open in the middle, having large spaces

church, that conveys whispers at a distance, for he takes the sound out of your mouth at York, and makes it be heard as far as London. He is the young student's joy and expectation, and the most accepted guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burden. His first greeting is commonly, *Your friends are well;* [*and to prove it*] [10] in a piece of gold delivers their blessing. You would think him a churlish blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the high-ways, and beats them out of measure; which injury is sometimes revenged by the purse-taker, and then the voyage miscarries. No man domineers more in his inn,

for doors and windows on the east side. It may be imputed to the close cement of the wall, which makes it as one entire stone, and so conveys the voice, as a long piece of timber does convey the least stroak to the other end. Others assign it to the repercussion of the voice from accidental angles." *Atkyns' Ancient and Present State of Glostershire. Lond.* 1712, *folio, page* 128. See also *Fuller's Worthies, in Gloucestershire, page* 351.

[10] *Then in a piece of gold, &c.* first edit.

nor calls his host unreverently with more presumption, and this arrogance proceeds out of the strength of his horses. He forgets not his load where he takes his ease, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the prodigal child, still packing away and still returning again. But let him pass.

XVI.

A young man;

He is now out of nature's protection, though not yet able to guide himself; but left loose to the world and fortune, from which the weakness of his childhood preserved him; and now his strength exposes him. He is, indeed, just of age to be miserable, yet in his own conceit first begins to be happy; and he is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt

is less. He sees yet but the outside of the world and men, and conceives them, according to their appearing, glister, and out of this ignorance believes them. He pursues all vanities for happiness, and [1] [*enjoys them best in this fancy.*] His reason serves, not to curb but understand his appetite, and prosecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestness. Himself is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for grey hairs, and performs it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and custom, with which he longs to be acquainted, and sins to better his understanding. He conceives his youth as the season of his lust, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad; and because he would not lose his time, spends it. He distastes religion as a sad thing, and is six years elder for

[1] *Whilst he has not yet got them, enjoys them,* First edit.

a thought of heaven. He scorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the same inflammation, and when the heat is over is cool alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldom so stedfast, but that lust, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to-day in kindness, and is ready to take yours to-morrow. He does seldom any thing which he wishes not to do again, and is only wise after a misfortune. He suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wise man. He is free from many vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is only more vertuous out of weakness. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambush. He is a ship without pilot or tackling, and only good fortune may steer him. If he scape this age, he has scaped a tempest, and may live to be a man.

XVII.

An old college butler

Is none of the worst students in the house, for he keeps the set hours at his book more duly than any. His authority is great over men's good names, which he charges many times with shrewd aspersions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. [His box and counters prove him to be a man of reckoning, yet] he is stricter in his accounts than a usurer, and delivers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the pains of Gollobelgicus [2], for his books go out

[2] Gallo-Belgicus was erroneously supposed, by the ingenious Mr. Reed, to be the "first news-paper published in England;" we are, however, assured by the author of the "Life of Ruddiman," that it has no title to so honourable a distinction. Gallo-Belgicus appears to have been rather an *Annual Register*, or *History of its own Times*, than a newspaper. It was written in

once a quarter, and they are much in the same nature, brief notes and sums of affairs, and are out of request as soon. His comings in are like a taylor's, from the shreds of bread, [the] chippings and remnants of a broken crust; excepting his vails from the barrel, which poor folks buy for their hogs but drink themselves. He divides an halfpenny loaf with more subtlety than Keckerman[3], and sub-divides the *à primo*

Latin, and entituled, "MERCURIJ GALLO-BELGICI: *sive, rerum in Gallia, et Belgio potissimum: Hispania quoque, Italia, Anglia, Germania, Polonia, Vicinisque locis ab anno* 1588, *ad Martium anni* 1594, *gestarum,* NUNCIJ." The first volume was printed in 8vo. at Cologne, 1598; from which year, to about 1605, it was published annually; and from thence to the time of its conclusion, which is uncertain, it appeared in *half-yearly* volumes. Chalmers' *Life of Ruddiman*, 1794. The great request in which newspapers were held at the publication of the present work, may be gathered from Burton, who, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, complains that "if any read now-a-days, it is a play-book, or a pamphlet of newes."

[3] Bartholomew Keckerman was born at Dantzick, in

ortum so nicely, that a stomach of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. He is a very sober man, considering his manifold temptations of drink and strangers; and if he be overseen, 'tis within his own liberties, and no man ought to take exception. He is never so well pleased with his place as when a gentleman is beholden to him for shewing him the buttery, whom he greets with a cup of single beer and sliced manchet[4], and tells him it is the fashion of the col-

Prussia, 1571, and educated under Fabricius. Being eminently distinguished for his abilities and application, he was, in 1597, requested, by the senate of Dantzick, to take upon him the management of their academy; an honour he then declined, but accepted, on a second application, in 1601. Here he proposed to instruct his pupils in the complete science of philosophy in the short space of three years, and, for that purpose, drew up a great number of books upon logic, rhetoric, ethics, politics, physics, metaphysics, geography, astronomy, &c. &c. till, as it is said, literally worn out with scholastic drudgery, he died at the early age of 38.

[4] Of bread made of wheat we have sundrie sorts dailie brought to the table, whereof the first and most excel-

lege. He domineers over freshmen when they first come to the hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of cues and cees, and some broken Latin which he has learnt at his bin. His faculties extraordinary is the warming of a pair of cards, and telling out a dozen of counters for post and pair, and no man is more methodical in these businesses. Thus he spends his age till the tap of it is run out, and then a fresh one is set abroach.

XVIII.

An upstart country knight

[*Is a holiday clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself*[5],]

lent is the *mainchet*, which we commonlie call white bread. Harrison, *Description of England* prefixed to Holinshed, chap. 6.

[5] *His honour was somewhat preposterous, for he bare*, &c. first edit.

for he bare the king's sword before he had arms to wield it; yet being once laid o'er the shoulder with a knighthood, he finds the herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a [6 *country fellow*,] but the look not so easy, and his face still bears a relish of churne-milk. He is guarded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the country, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility [7], and is

6 *Clown*, first edit.

7 The art of hawking has been so frequently and so fully explained, that it would be superfluous, if not arrogant, to trace its progress, or delineate its history, in this place. In the earliest periods it appears to have been exclusively practised by the nobility; and, indeed, the great expense at which the amusement was sup-

exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses[8].

ported, seems to have been a sufficient reason for deterring persons of more moderate income, and of inferior rank, from indulging in the pursuit. In the Sports and Pastimes of Mr. Strutt, a variety of instances are given of the importance attached to the office of falconer, and of the immense value of, and high estimation the birds themselves were held in from the commencement of the Norman government, down to the reign of James I. in which sir Thomas Monson gave 1000*l.* for a cast of hawks, which consisted of only *two.*

The great increase of wealth, and the consequent equalization of property in this country, about the reign of Elizabeth, induced many of inferior birth to practise the amusements of their superiors, which they did without regard to expense, or indeed propriety. Sir Thomas Elyot, in his *Governour* (1580), complains that the falkons of his day consumed so much poultry, that, in a few years, he feared there would be a great scarcity of it. "I speake not this," says he, "in disprayse of the faukons, but of them which keepeth them lyke cockneyes." A reproof, there can be no doubt, applicable to the character in the text.

[8] A term in hawking, signifying the short straps of leather which are fastened to the hawk's legs, by which she is held on the fist, or joined to the leash. They

A justice of peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbour wrong with more right [9]. He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and stain his gentility with droppings of ale. He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the assize-week as much as the prisoner. In sum, he's but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill and he the cock that crows over it: and commonly his race is quickly run, and his children's children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

were sometimes made of silk, as appears from ¶ *The Boke of hawkynge, huntynge, and fysshynge, with all the propertyes and medecynes that are necessarye to be kepte*: "Hawkes haue aboute theyr legges *gesses* made of lether most comonly, some of sylke, which shuld be no lenger but that the knottes of them shulde appere in the myddes of the lefte hande," &c. *Juliana Barnes.* edit. 4to. "*Imprynted at London in Pouls chyrchyarde by me Hery Tab.*" sig. C. ii.

9 *This authority of his is that club which keeps them under as his dogs hereafter.* First edit.

XIX.

An idle gallant

Is one that was born and shaped for his cloaths; and, if Adam had not fallen, had lived to no purpose. He gratulates therefore the first sin, and fig-leaves that were an occasion of [his] bravery. His first care is his dress, the next his body, and in the uniting of these two lies his soul and its faculties. He observes London trulier then the terms, and his business is the street, the stage, the court, and those places where a proper man is best shown. If he be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is so much the more genteel and compleat, and he learns the best oaths for the purpose. These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newness as the fashion. His other talk is ladies and such pretty things, or

some jest at a play. His pick-tooth bears a great part in his discourse, so does his body, the upper parts whereof are as starched as his linnen, and perchance use the same laundress. He has learned to ruffle his face from his boot, and takes great delight in his walk to hear his spurs gingle. Though his life pass somewhat slidingly, yet he seems very careful of the time, for he is still drawing his watch out of his pocket, and spends part of his hours in numbring them. He is one never serious but with his taylor, when he is in conspiracy for the next device. He is furnished with his jests, as some wanderer with sermons, some three for all congregations, one especially against the scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knows by no other definition, but a silly fellow in black. He is a kind of walking mercer's shop, and shews you one stuff to-day and another to-morrow; an ornament to the room he comes in as the fair bed and hangings be; and

is meerly ratable accordingly, fifty or an hundred pounds as his suit is. His main ambition is to get a knight-hood, and then an old lady, which if he be happy in, he fills the stage and a coach so much longer: Otherwise, himself and his cloaths grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dies in the gaol, or the country.

XX.

A constable

Is a vice-roy in the street, and no man stands more upon't that he is the king's officer. His jurisdiction extends to the next stocks, where he has commission for the heels only, and sets the rest of the body at liberty. He is a scare-

crow to that ale-house, where he drinks not his morning draught, and apprehends a drunkard for not standing in the king's name. Beggars fear him more than the justice, and as much as the whip-stock, whom he delivers over to his subordinate magistrates, the bridewell-man, and the beadle. He is a great stickler in the tumults of double jugs, and ventures his head by his place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is never so much in his majesty as in his night-watch, where he sits in his chair of state, a shop-stall, and invironed with a guard of halberts, examines all passengers. He is a very careful man in his office, but if he stay up after midnight you shall take him napping.

XXI.

A down-right scholar

Is one that has much learning in the ore, unwrought and untried, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good metal in the inside, though rough and unscoured without, and therefore hated of the courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky absurdity but is put upon his profession, and done like a scholar. But his fault is only this, that his mind is [somewhat] too much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now a man's [*Imprimis and all the Item*[10].] He has not humbled his meditations to the industry of complement, nor af-

[10] *Now become a man's total,* first edit.

flicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, madam, nor talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and he mistakes her nose for her lips. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word college too often, and his discourse beats too much on the university. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty[1], and at tables he

[1] Of the game called *one and thirty*, I am unable to

reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist clunched with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly censured by the inns-of-court men, for that heinous vice being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. He has been used to a dark room, and dark cloaths, and his eyes dazzle at a sattin suit. The hermitage of his study, has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he [silly and] ridiculous, and it continues with him for

find any mention in Mr. Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, nor is it alluded to in any of the old plays or tracts I have yet met with. A very satisfactory account of *tables* may be read in the interesting and valuable publication just noticed.

some quarter of a year out of the university. But practise him a little in men, and brush him over with good company, and he shall out-ballance those glisterers, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace.

XXII.

A plain country fellow

Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of *Nebuchadnezzar*, for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough,

and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoak, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copy-hold, which he takes from his land-lord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: Yet if he

give him leave he is a good Christian to his power, (that is,) comes to church in his best cloaths, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on *good ground.* Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. [His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse.] He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good con-

science. His feet never stink so unbecomingly as when he trots after a lawyer in Westminster-hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping in beseeching his worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

XXIII.

A player.

He knows the right use of the world, wherein he comes to play a part and so away. His life is

not idle, for it is all action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more disliked, and yet none more applauded; and he has the misfortune of some scholar, too much wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting gentlewomen, seldom in his own face, seldomer in his cloaths; and he pleases, the better he counterfeits, except only when he is disguised with straw for gold lace. He does not only personate on the stage, but sometimes in the street, for he is masked still in the habit of a gentleman. His parts find him oaths and good words, which he keeps for his use and discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion. He is tragical on the stage, but rampant in the tiring-house[2], and swears oaths

[2] The room where the performers dress, previous to coming on the stage.

there which he never conned. The waiting women spectators are over-ears in love with him, and ladies send for him to act in their chambers. Your inns-of-court men were undone but for him, he is their chief guest and employment, and the sole business that makes them afternoon's-men. The poet only is his tyrant, and he is bound to make his friend's friend drunk at his charge. Shrove-Tuesday he fears as much as the bauds, and Lent[3] is more damage to him than the butcher. He was never so much discredited as in one act, and that was of parliament, which gives hostlers priviledge

[3] This passage affords a proof of what has been doubted, namely, that the theatres were not permitted to be open during Lent, in the reign of James I. The restriction was waved in the next reign, as we find from the puritanical Prynne:—"There are none so much addicted to stage-playes, but when they goe unto places where they cannot have them, or when, as they are suppressed by publike authority, (as in times of pestilence, and in *Lent, till now of late,*) can well subsist without them," &c. *Histrio-Mastix,* 4to. *Lond.* 1633, *page* 384.

before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt judge. But to give him his due, one well-furnished actor has enough in him for five common gentlemen, and, if he have a good body, [for six, and] for resolution he shall challenge any Cato, for it has been his practice to die bravely.

XXIV.

A detractor

Is one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad and would have it blister others. He is commonly some weak parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue

to his own poorness. He is indeed like the red dragon that pursued the woman, for when he cannot over-reach another, he opens his mouth and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot anger him worse than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, than if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own discredit. He is always slighting the general opinion, and wondering why such and such men should be applauded. Commend a good divine, he cries postilling; a philologer, pedantry; a poet, rhiming; a school-man, dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, boyishness; an honest man, plausibility. He comes to publick things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one solœcism, that is all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared sowerness, and is still furnished with a pish beforehand, or some musty proverb that disrelishes all things whatsoever. If fear of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a

law-writ, always with a clause of exception, or to smooth his way to some greater scandal. He will grant you something, and bate more; and this bating shall in conclusion take away all he granted. His speech concludes still with an Oh! but,—and I could wish one thing amended; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authentick, when it is said a friend reported it. He will inveigle you to naughtiness to get your good name into his clutches; he will be your pandar to have you on the hip for a whore-master, and make you drunk to shew you reeling. He passes the more plausibly because all men have a smatch of his humour, and it is thought freeness which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would; and when he has racked his invention to the utmost,

he ends;—but I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. He is always listening and enquiring after men, and suffers not a cloak to pass by him unexamined. In brief, he is one that has lost all good himself, and is loth to find it in another.

XXV.

A young gentleman of the university

Is one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter, he has been at the university. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing-schools; from these he has his education, from his tutor the over-sight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shewn the colleges, and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will

will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority, is the bare velvet of his gown, and his proficiency at tennis, where when he can once play a set, he is a fresh man no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shews to his father's man, and is loth to unty[4] or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loytering

[4] It may not be known to those who are not accustomed to meet with old books in their original bindings, or of seeing public libraries of antiquity, that the volumes were formerly placed on the shelves with the *leaves*, not the *back*, in front; and that the two sides of the binding were joined together with *neat silk* or other strings, and, in some instances, where the books were of greater value and curiosity than common, even fastened with gold or silver chains.

is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honour, and turns a gentleman critick in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit though it be made of sattin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands [5], whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit he may light of better company, and may learn some flashes of wit, which may do him knight's service in the country hereafter. But he is now gone to the inns-of-court, where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

[5] A hanger-on to noblemen, who are distinguished at the university by gold tassels to their caps; or in the language of the present day, a *tuft-hunter*.

XXVI.

A weak man

Is a child at man's estate, one whom nature huddled up in haste, and left his best part unfinished. The rest of him is grown to be a man, only his brain stays behind. He is one that has not improved his first rudiments, nor attained any proficiency by his stay in the world: but we may speak of him yet as when he was in the bud, a good harmless nature, a well meaning mind [6] [*and no more.*] It is his misery that he now wants a tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wise man: yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are,—he

[6] *If he could order his intentions,* first edit.

loves men better upon relation than experience, for he is exceedingly enamoured of strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friend. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance grows more reserved. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing so much as in good council. One that is flexible with any thing but reason, and then only perverse. [A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over.] A great affecter of wits and such prettinesses; and his company is costly to him, for he seldom has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and be drunk is with him all one, and his brain is sooner quenched than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtiness with company, but suffers alone, and the bastard

commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abused, and take exception a month after when he understands it, and then be abused again into a reconcilement; and you cannot endear him more than by cozening him, and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all silliness to all men but himself, and you may take any man's knowledge of him better than his own. He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather than deny one break with all. One that has no power over himself, over his business, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all; and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas!—and forget him.

XXVII.

A tobacco-seller

Is the only man that finds good in it which others brag of but do not; for it is meat, drink, and clothes to him. No man opens his ware with greater seriousness, or challenges your judgment more in the approbation. His shop is the rendezvous of spitting, where men dialogue with their noses, and their communication is smoak[7]. It is the place only where Spain is commended and preferred before England itself. He should be well experienced in the world, for he has daily trial of men's nostrils, and none is better acquainted with humours. He is the piecing commonly of some

7 Minshew calls a tobacconist *fumi-vendulus*, a *smoak-seller*.

other trade, which is bawd to his tobacco, and that to his wife, which is the flame that follows this smoak.

XXVIII.

A pot-poet

Is the dregs of wit, yet mingled with good drink may have some relish. His inspirations are more real than others, for they do but feign a God, but he has his by him. His verse runs like the tap, and his invention as the barrel, ebbs and flows at the mercy of the spiggot. In thin drink he aspires not above a ballad, but a cup of sack inflames him, and sets his muse and nose a-fire together. The press is his mint, and stamps him now and then a six-pence or two in reward of the baser coin his pamphlet. His

works would scarce sell for three half-pence, though they are given oft for three shillings, but for the pretty title that allures the country gentleman; for which the printer maintains him in ale a fortnight. His verses are like his clothes miserable centoes[8] and patches, yet their pace is not altogether so hobbling as an almanack's. The death of a great man or the *burning*[9] of a house furnish him with an argument, and the nine muses are out strait in mourning gowns, and Melpomene cries fire! fire! [His other poems are but briefs in rhime, and like the poor Greeks collections to redeem from captivity.] He is a man now much employed in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard. His frequentest

[8] *Cento*, a composition formed by joining scraps from other authors. *Johnson*. Camden, in his *Remains*, uses it in the same sense. "It is quilted, as it were, out of shreds of divers poets, such as scholars call a *cento*."

[9] *Firing*, first edit.

works go out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market to a vile tune and a worse throat; whilst the poor country wench melts like her butter to hear them. And these are the stories of some men of Tyburn, or a strange monster out of Germany [10]; or, sitting

[10] In the hope of discovering some account of the *strange monster* alluded to, I have looked through one of the largest and most curious collections of tracts, relating to the marvellous, perhaps in existence. That bequeathed to the Bodleian, by Robert Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Hitherto my researches have been unattended with success, as I have found only two tracts of this description relating to Germany, both of which are in prose, and neither giving any account of a monster.

1. *A most true Relation of a very dreadfull Earthquake, with the lamentable Effectes thereof, which began vpon the* 8. *of December* 1612. *and yet continueth most fearefull in Munster in Germanie. Reade and Tremble. Translated out of Dutch, by Charles Demetrius, Publike Notarie in London, and printed at Rotterdome, in Holland, at the Signe of the White Gray-hound.* (Date cut off. Twenty-six pages, 4to. with a wood-cut.)

2. *Miraculous Newes from the Cittie of Holt, in the Lordship of Munster, in Germany, the twentieth of Sep-*

in a bawdy-house, he writes God's judgments. He drops away at last in some obscure painted cloth, to which himself made the verses[1], and his life, like a cann too full, spills upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my hostess loses.

tember last past, 1616. *where there were plainly beheld three dead bodyes rise out of their Graues admonishing the people of Iudgements to come. Faithfully translated (&c. &c.) London, Printed for Iohn Barnes, dwelling in Hosie Lane neere Smithfield*, 1616. (4to. twenty pages, wood-cut.)

[1] It was customary to work or paint proverbs, moral sentences, or scraps of verse, on old tapestry hangings, which were called *painted cloths*. Several allusions to this practice may be found in the works of our early English dramatists. See Reed's *Shakspeare*, viii. 103.

XXIX.

A plausible man

Is one that would fain run an even path in the world, and jut against no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the general opinion. His conversation is a kind of continued compliment, and his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others, a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship but friendliness, which is equal to all and general, and his kindnesses seldom exceed courtesies. He loves not deeper mutualities, because he would not take sides, nor hazard himself on displeasures, which he principally avoids. At your first acquaintance with him he is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly still. He has an excellent command over his patience and tongue, especially the last, which he accommodates

always to the times and persons, and speaks seldom what is sincere, but what is civil. He is one that uses all companies, drinks all healths, and is reasonable cool in all religions. [He considers who are friends to the company, and speaks well where he is sure to hear of it again.] He can listen to a foolish discourse with an applausive attention, and conceal his laughter at nonsense. Silly men much honour and esteem him, because by his fair reasoning with them as with men of understanding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discovery. He is one *rather well*[2] thought on than beloved, and that love he has is more of whole companies together than any one in particular. Men gratify him notwithstanding with a good report, and whatever vices he has besides, yet having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

[2] *Better*, first edit.

XXX.

A bowl-alley

Is the place where there are three things thrown away beside bowls, to wit, time, money, and curses, and the last ten for one. The best sport in it is the gamesters, and he enjoys it that looks on and bets not. It is the school of wrangling, and worse than the schools, for men will cavil here for a hair's breadth, and make a stir where a straw would end the controversy. No antick screws men's bodies into such strange flexures, and you would think them here senseless, to speak sense to their bowl, and put their trust in intreaties for a good cast. The betters are the factious noise of the alley, or the gamesters beadsmen that pray for them. They are somewhat like those that are cheated by great men, for they lose

their money and must say nothing. It is the best discovery of humours, especially in the losers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whilst some fret, some rail, some swear, and others more ridiculously comfort themselves with philosophy. To give you the moral of it; it is the emblem of the world, or the world's ambition: where most are short, or over, or wide or wrong-biassed, and some few justle in to the mistress fortune. And it is here as in the court, where the nearest are most spited, and all blows aimed at the toucher.

XXXI.

The world's wise man

Is an able and sufficient wicked man: It is a proof of his sufficiency that he is not called

wicked, but wise. A man wholly determined in himself and his own ends, and his instruments herein any thing that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serve to his works, used or laid by: Indeed he knows not this thing of friend, but if he give you the name, it is a sign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his businesses, than when when they are mixed with some harm to others; and it is his best play in this game to strike off and lie in the place: Successful commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as conscience and the like; and gratulates himself much in this advantage. Oaths and falshood he counts the nearest way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his "tush!" is greatest at religion; yet he uses this too, and virtue and good words, but is less dangerously a devil than a saint. He ascribes all honesty to an

unpractisedness in the world, and conscience a thing merely for children. He scorns all that are so silly to *trust*[3] him, and only not scorns his enemy, especially if as bad as himself: he fears him as a man well armed and provided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the most vanquishable. One that seriously admires those worst princes, as Sforza, Borgia, and Richard the third; and calls matters of deep villany things of difficulty. To whom murders are but resolute acts, and treason a business of great consequence. One whom two or three countries make up to this compleatness, and he has travelled for the purpose. His deepest indearment is a communication of mischief, and then only you have him fast. His conclusion is commonly one of these two, either a great man, or hanged.

[3] *Hate*, first edit.

XXXII.

A surgeon

Is one that has some business about this building or little house of man, whereof nature is as it were the tiler, and he the plaisterer. It is ofter out of reparations than an old parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it again. He deals most with broken commodities, as a broken head or a mangled face, and his gains are very ill got, for he lives by the hurts of the commonwealth. He differs from a physician as a sore does from a disease, or the sick from those that are not whole, the one distempers you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of the decay of valour in these days, and sighs for that slashing age of sword and buckler; and thinks the law against duels was made meerly to wound his vocation.

He had been long since undone if the charity of the stews had not relieved him, from whom he has his tribute as duly as the pope; or a wind-fall sometimes from a tavern, if a quart pot hit right. The rareness of his custom makes him pitiless when it comes, and he holds a patient longer than our [spiritual] courts a cause. He tells you what danger you had been in if he had staid but a minute longer, and though it be but a pricked finger, he makes of it much matter. He is a reasonable cleanly man, considering the scabs he has to deal with, and your finest ladies are now and then beholden to him for their best dressings. He curses old gentlewomen and their charity that makes his trade their alms; but his envy is never stirred so much as when gentlemen go over to fight upon Calais sands[4], whom he wishes drowned e'er

[4] *Calais sands* were chosen by English duellists to decide their quarrels on, as being out of the jurisdiction of the law. This custom is noticed in an Epigram writ-

they come there, rather than the French shall get his custom.

ten about the period in which this book first appeared.

" When boasting Bembus challeng'd is to fight,
He seemes at first a very Diuell in sight:
Till more aduizde, will not defile [his] hands,
Vnlesse you meete him vpon *Callice sands.*"

The Mastive or Young Whelpe of the olde Dog. Epigrams and Satyrs. 4to. *Lond. (Printed, as Warton supposes, about* 1600.)

A passage in *The Beau's Duel: or a Soldier for the Ladies,* a comedy, by Mrs. Centlivre, 4to. 1707, proves, that it existed so late as at that day. " Your only way is to send him word you'll meet him on *Calais sands;* duelling is unsafe in England for men of estates," &c. See also other instances in Dodsley's *Old Plays,* edit. 1780. vii. 218.—xii. 412.

XXXIII.

A contemplative man

Is a scholar in this great university the world; and the same his book and study. He cloysters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks upon man from a high tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his infirmities and poorness. He scorns to mix himself in men's actions, as he would to act upon a stage; but sits aloft on the scaffold a censuring spectator. [He will not lose his time by being busy, or make so poor a use of the world as to hug and embrace it.] Nature admits him as a partaker of her sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her own works and variety. He comes not in company, because he would not be so-

litary, but finds discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent playfellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to imploy it, and is above those ends that make man wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to see more.

XXXIV.

A she precise hypocrite

Is one in whom good women suffer, and have their truth misinterpreted by her folly. She is

one, she knows not what her self if you ask her, but she is indeed one that has taken a toy at the fashion of religion, and is enamoured of the new fangle. She is a nonconformist in a close stomacher and ruff of Geneva print [5], and her purity consists much in her linnen. She has

5 Strict devotees were, I believe, noted for the smallness and precision of their *ruffs*, which were termed *in print* from the exactness of the folds. So in Mynshul's *Essays*, 4to. 1618. "I vndertooke a warre when I aduentured to speake in *print*, (not in *print as Puritan's ruffes* are set.)" The term of *Geneva print* probably arose from the minuteness of the type used at Geneva. In the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, a comedy, 4to. 1608, is an expression which goes some way to prove the correctness of this supposition:—"I see by thy eyes thou hast bin reading *little Geneua print*;"—and, that *small ruffs* were worn by the puritanical set, an instance appears in Mayne's *City Match*, a comedy, 4to. 1658.

——————"O miracle!
Out of your *little ruffe*, Dorcas, and in the fashion!
Dost thou hope to be saved?"

From these three extracts it is, I think, clear that a *ruff of Geneva print* meant a *small, closely-folded ruff*, which was the distinction of a non-conformist.

heard of the rag of Rome, and thinks it a very sluttish religion, and rails at the whore of Babylon for a very naughty woman. She has left her virginity as a relick of popery, and marries in her tribe without a ring. Her devotion at the church is much in the turning up of her eye; and turning down the leaf in her book, when she hears named chapter and verse. When she comes home, she commends the sermon for the scripture, and two hours. She loves preaching better then praying, and of preachers, lecturers; and thinks the week day's exercise far more edifying than the Sunday's. Her oftest gossipings are sabbath-day's journeys, where, (though an enemy to superstition,) she will go in pilgrimage five mile to a silenced minister, when there is a better sermon in her own parish. She doubts of the virgin Mary's salvation, and dares not saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly as the pew she has a key to. She is so taken up with faith

she has no room for charity, and understands no good works but what are wrought on the sampler. She accounts nothing vices but superstition and an oath, and thinks adultery a less sin than to swear *by my truly*. She rails at other women by the names of Jezebel and Dalilah; and calls her own daughters Rebecca and Abigail, and not Ann but Hannah. She suffers them not to learn on the virginals[6], because of their affinity with organs, but is reconciled to the bells for the chimes sake, since they were reformed to the tune of a psalm. She overflows so with the bible, that she spills it upon every occasion, and will not cudgel her maids without scripture. It is a question whether she is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her: She is always challenging and

[6] A virginal, says Mr. Malone, was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a piano-forte: the mode of playing on this instrument was therefore similar to that of the organ.

daring him, and her weapon [[7]*is The Practice of Piety.*] Nothing angers her so much as that women cannot preach, and in this point only thinks the Brownist erroneous; but what she cannot at the church she does at the table, where she prattles more than any against sense and Antichrist, 'till a capon's wing silence her. She expounds the priests of Baal, reading ministers, and thinks the salvation of that parish as desperate as the Turks. She is a main derider to her capacity of those that are not her preachers, and censures all sermons but bad ones. If her husband be a tradesman, she helps him to customers, howsoever to good cheer, and they are a most faithful couple at these meetings, for they never fail. Her conscience is like others lust, never satisfied, and you might better answer Scotus than her

[7] *Weapons are spells no less potent than different, as being the sage sentences of some of her own sectaries.* First edit.

scruples. She is one that thinks she performs all her duties to God in hearing, and shews the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery against the may-pole than her husband, and thinks she might do a Phineas' act to break the pate of the fidler. She is an everlasting argument, but I am weary of her.

XXXV.

A sceptick in religion

Is one that hangs in the balance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirs him and none sways him. A man guiltier of credulity than he is taken to be; for it is out of his belief of every thing, that he fully believes nothing. Each religion scares him from its contrary:

none persuades him to itself. He would be wholly a christian, but that he is something of an atheist, and wholly an atheist, but that he is partly a christian; and a perfect heretic, but that there are so many to distract him. He finds reason in all opinions, truth in none: indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him. He is at most a confused and wild christian, not specialized by any form, but capable of all. He uses the land's religion, because it is next him, yet he sees not why he may not take the other, but he chuses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and scruples better than resolves them, and is always too hard for himself. His learning is too much for his brain, and his judgment too little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both, spoils all. Pity it was his mischance of being a scholar; for it does only distract and irregulate him, and the world by him. He hammers

much in general upon our opinion's uncertainty, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalness of religion to countries, that protestantism should be born so in England and popery abroad, and that fortune and the stars should so much share in it. He likes not this connection of the common-weal and divinity, and fears it may be an arch-practice of state. In our differences with Rome he is strangely unfixed, and a new man every new day, as his last discourse-book's meditations transport him. He could like the gray hairs of popery, did not some dotages there stagger him: he would come to us sooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their miracles, but doubts an imposture; he conceives of our doctrine better, but it seems too empty and naked. He cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of truth to our corner, and is as hardly persuaded to think their old legends true. He ap-

proves well of our faith, and more of their works, and is sometimes much affected at the zeal of Amsterdam. His conscience interposes itself betwixt duellers, and whilst it would part both, is by both wounded. He will sometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good writer, and at Bellarmine[8] recoils as far back

[8] Robert Bellarmin, an Italian jesuit, was born at Monte Pulciano, a town in Tuscany, in the year 1542, and in 1560 entered himself among the jesuits. In 1599 he was honoured with a cardinal's hat, and in 1602 was presented with the arch-bishopric of Capua: this, however, he resigned in 1605, when pope Paul V. desired to have him near himself. He was employed in the affairs of the court of Rome till 1621, when, leaving the Vatican, he retired to a house belonging to his order, and died September 17, in the same year.

Bellarmin was one of the best controversial writers of his time; few authors have done greater honour to their profession or opinions, and certain it is that none have ever more ably defended the cause of the Romish church, or contended in favour of the pope with greater advantage. As a proof of Bellarmin's abilities, there was scarcely a divine of any eminence among the protestants who did not attack him: Bayle aptly says,

again; and the fathers justle him from one side to another. Now Socinus[9] and Vorstius[10]

" they made his name resound every where, ut littus Styla, Styla, omne sonaret."

9 Faustus Socinus is so well known as the founder of the sect which goes under his name, that a few words will be sufficient. He was born in 1539, at Sienna, and imbibed his opinions from the instruction of his uncle, who always had a high opinion of, and confidence in, the abilities of his nephew, to whom he bequeathed all his papers. After living several years in the world, principally at the court of Francis de Medicis, Socinus, in 1577, went into Germany, and began to propagate the principles of his uncle, to which, it is said, he made great additions and alterations of his own. In the support of his opinions, he suffered considerable hardships, and received the greatest insults and persecutions; to avoid which, he retired to a place near Cracow, in Poland, where he died in 1504, at the age of sixty-five.

10 Conrade Vorstius, a learned divine, who was peculiarly detested by the Calvinists, and who had even the honour to be attacked by king James the first, of England, was born in 1569. Being compelled, through the interposition of James's ambassador, to quit Leiden, where he had attained the divinity-chair, and several other preferments, he retired to Toningen, where he died in 1622, with the strongest tokens of piety and resignation.

afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse than himself. He puts his foot into heresies tenderly, as a cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and still something unanswered delays him; yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all religions out of him than one. He cannot think so many wise men should be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way, and his wonder is double when he sees these oppose one another. He hates authority as the tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse than with a father's *dixit*, and yet that many are not persuaded with reason, shall authorise his doubt. In sum, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolved.

XXXVI.

An attorney.

His antient beginning was a blue coat, since a livery, and his hatching under a lawyer; whence, though but pen-feathered, he hath now nested for himself, and with his hoarded pence purchased an office. Two desks and a quire of paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all comers. We can call him no great author, yet he writes very much and with the infamy of the court is maintained in his libels[1]. He has some smatch of a scholar, and yet uses Latin very hardly; and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak

1 *His style is very constant, for it keeps still the former aforesaid; and yet it seems he is much troubled in it, for he is always humbly complaining—your poor orator.* First edit.

out. He is, contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor country clients, that worship him more than their landlord, and be they never such churls, he looks for their courtesy. He first racks them soundly himself, and then delivers them to the lawyer for execution. His looks are very solicitous, importing much haste and dispatch, he is never without his hands full of business, that is—of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as his parchment, and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks statutes as fiercely as if he had mooted[2] seven years in the inns of court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or in his office-window. Strife and wrangling

[2] To *moote* a terme vsed in the innes of the court; it is the handling of a case, as in the Vniuersitie their disputations, &c. So *Minshew*, who supposes it to be derived from the French, *mot, verbum, quasi verba facere, aut sermonem de aliqua re habere.* *Mootmen* are those who, having studied seven or eight years, are qualified to practise, and appear to answer to our term of barristers.

have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a country village, he makes all his neighbours good subjects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience, and when the time, or term of his life is going out, for dooms-day he is secure; for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment.

XXXVII.

A partial man

Is the opposite extreme to a defamer, for the one speaks ill falsely, and the other well, and both slander the truth. He is one that is still weighing men in the scale of comparisons, and puts his affections in the one balance

and that sways. His friend always shall do best, and you shall rarely hear good of his enemy. He considers first the man and then the thing, and restrains all merit to what they deserve of him. Commendations he esteems not the debt of worth, but the requital of kindness; and if you ask his reason, shews his interest, and tells you how much he is beholden to that man. He is one that ties his judgment to the wheel of fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He prefers England before other countries because he was born there, and Oxford before other universities, because he was brought up there, and the best scholar there is one of his own college, and the best scholar there is one of his friends. He is a great favourer of great persons, and his argument is still that which should be antecedent; as,—he is in high place, therefore virtuous;—he is preferred, therefore worthy. Never ask his opinion, for you shall hear but his faction, and

he is indifferent in nothing but conscience. Men esteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they mistake him many times, for he does it but to be esteemed so. Of all men he is worst to write an history, for he will praise a Sejanus or Tiberius, and for some petty respect of his all posterity shall be cozened.

XXXVIII.

A trumpeter

Is the elephant with the great trunk, for he eats nothing but what comes through this way. His profession is not so worthy as to occasion insolence, and yet no man so much puft up. His face is as brazen as his trumpet, and (which is worse,) as a fidler's, from whom he differeth only in this, that his impudence is dearer. The sea

of drink and much wind make a storm perpetually in his cheeks, and his look is like his noise, blustering and tempestuous. He was whilom the sound of war, but now of peace; yet as terrible as ever, for wheresoever he comes they are sure to pay for it. He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the court or stage, where he is always the prologue's prologue[3]. He is somewhat in the nature of a hogshead, shrillest when he is empty; when his belly is full he is quiet enough. No man proves life more to be a blast, or himself a bubble, and he

[3] The prologue to our ancient dramas was ushered in by trumpets. "Present not yourselfe on the stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor into his cheekes, and is ready to giue the trumpets their cue that hee's vpon point to enter." Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609. p. 30.

"Doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long blacke veluet cloke vpon my backe? *Haue you not sounded thrice?*" Heywood's *Foure Prentises of London*. 4to. 1615.

is like a counterfeit bankrupt, thrives best when he his blown up.

XXXIX.

A vulgar-spirited man

Is one of the herd of the world. One that follows merely the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publickly affected, and he will not be wiser than the rest of the town. That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some general imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, "thus men say;" and "thus most do;" and "thus the world goes;" and thinks this enough to poise the other. That worships men in place, and those only; and

thinks all a great man speaks oracles. Much taken with my lord's jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jesuits very villains, and is still cursing the pope and Spinola. One that thinks the gravest cassock the best scholar; and the best cloaths the finest man. That is taken only with broad and obscene wit, and hisses any thing too deep for him. That cries, Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none. That is much ravished with such a nobleman's courtesy, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his hat. One that is foremost still to kiss the king's hand, and cries, "God bless his majesty!" loudest. That rails on all men condemned and out of favour, and the first that says "away with the traitors!"—yet struck with much ruth at executions, and for pity to see a

man die, could kill the hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and, the chief cause of his journey, the bears. That measures the happiness of the kingdom by the cheapness of corn, and conceives no harm of state, but ill trading. Within this compass too, come those that are too much wedged into the world, and have no lifting thoughts above those things; that call to thrive, to do well; and preferment only the grace of God. That aim all studies at this mark, and shew you poor scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the prison and want a judgment for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a jail-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the town-pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the philosophers madmen. In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shews, appearances, the stream, the people; for there

is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

XL.

A plodding student

Is a kind of alchymist or persecutor of nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal, with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own oil and candles. He has a strange forced appetite to learning, and to atchieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His study is not great but continual, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a rug-gown and a night-cap, to the

vanquishing perhaps of some six lines; yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it, till he gets it without book. He may with much industry make a breach into logick, and arrive at some ability in an argument; but for politer studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for poetry accounts it impregnable. His invention is no more than the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there; and his disposition of them is as just as the book-binders, a setting or glewing of them together. He is a great discomforter of young students, by telling them what travel it has cost him, and how often his brain turned at philosophy, and makes others fear studying as a cause of duncery. He is a man much given to apothegms, which serve him for wit, and seldom breaks any jest but which belonged to some Lacedemonian or Roman in Lycosthenes. He is like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together, but never

out of a foot pace; and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

XLI.

Paul's walk[4]

Is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here

[4] St. Paul's cathedral was, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, a sort of exchange and public parade, where business was transacted between merchants, and where the fashionables of the day exhibited themselves. The reader will find several allusions to this custom in the *variorum* edition of Shakspeare, *K. Henry IV.* part 2. Osborne, in his *Traditional Memoires on the Reigns of Elizabeth and James*, 12mo. 1658, says, "It was the fashion of those times (James I.) and did so continue till these, (the interregnum,) for the principal gentry,

discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz mixed of walking tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the parliament. It is the antick of tails to tails, and

lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in *St. Paul*'s church by eleven, and walk in the middle isle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news." Weever complains of the practice, and says, "it could be wished that walking in the middle isle of *Paules* might be forborne in the time of diuine seruice." *Ancient Funeral Monuments*, 1631, page 373.

backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no farther than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves sanctuary, which rob more safely in the crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after plays, tavern, and a bawdy-house; and men have still some oaths left to swear here. It is the ear's brothel, and satisfies their lust and itch. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains[5] out of service; men

5 In the *Dramatis Personæ* to Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Bobadil is styled a *Paul's man*; and Falstaff tells us that he bought Bardolph in *Paul's*. *King Henry IV.* Part 2.

of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turn merchants here and traffick for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach; but thriftier men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap [6]. Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walk more, he could not.

6 —— You'd not doe
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walke his dinner out in Paules.
Mayne's *City Match*, 1658.

XLII.

A cook.

The kitchen is his hell, and he the devil in it, where his meat and he fry together. His revenues are showered down from the fat of the land, and he interlards his own grease among to help the drippings. Cholerick he is not by nature so much as his art, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping-knife is so near. His weapons, ofter offensive, are a mess of hot broth and scalding water, and woe be to him that comes in his way. In the kitchen he will domineer and rule the roast in spight of his master, and curses in the very dialect of his calling. His labour is meer blustering and fury, and his speech like that of sailors in a storm, a thousand businesses at once; yet, in all this tumult, he does not love combustion,

but will be the first man that shall go and quench it. He is never a good christian till a hissing pot of ale has slacked him, like water cast on a firebrand, and for that time he is tame and dispossessed. His cunning is not small in architecture, for he builds strange fabricks in paste, towers and castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and like Darius' palace in one banquet demolished. He is a pittiless murderer of innocents, and he mangles poor fowls with unheard-of tortures; and it is thought the martyrs persecutions were devised from hence: sure we are, St. Lawrence's gridiron came out of his kitchen. His best faculty is at the dresser, where he seems to have great skill in the tacticks, ranging his dishes in order military, and placing with great discretion in the fore-front meats more strong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear; as quaking tarts and quivering custards,

and such milk-sop dishes, which scape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second course is gone up and he down in the cellar, where he drinks and sleeps till four o'clock[7] in the afternoon, and then returns again to his regiment.

XLIII.

A bold forward man

Is a lusty fellow in a crowd, that is beholden more to his elbow than his legs, for he does not go, but thrusts well. He is a good shuffler in the world, wherein he is so oft putting forth,

7 The time of supper was about five o'clock. See note at page 43.

that at length he puts on. He can do some things, but dare do much more, and is like a desperate soldier, who will assault any thing where he is sure not to enter. He is not so well opinioned of himself, as industrious to make others, and thinks no vice so prejudicial as blushing. He is still citing for himself, that a candle should not be hid under a bushel; and for his part he will be sure not to hide his, though his candle be but a snuff or rush-candle. Those few good parts he has, he is no niggard in displaying, and is like some needy flaunting goldsmith, nothing in the inner room, but all on the cupboard. If he be a scholar, he has commonly stepped into the pulpit before a degree, yet into that too before he deserved it. He never defers St. Mary's beyond his regency, and his next sermon is at Paul's cross [8], [and

8 Paul's cross stood in the church-yard of that cathedral, on the north side, towards the east end. It was used for the preaching of sermons to the populace;

that printed.] He loves publick things alive; and for any solemn entertainment he will find a mouth, find a speech who will. He is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinks it no small advancement to rise to be known. [He is one that has all the great names at court at his fingers ends, and their lodgings; and with a saucy, "my lord," will salute the best of them.] His talk at the table is like Benjamin's mess, five times to his part, and no argument shuts him out for a quarreller. Of all disgraces he endures not to be nonplussed, and had rather fly for sanctuary to nonsense which few descry, than to nothing which all. His boldness is beholden to other men's modesty, which rescues him many times from a baffle;

and Holinshed mentions two instances of public penance being performed here; in 1534 by some of the adherents of Elizabeth Barton, well known as *the holy maid of Kent*, and in 1536 by sir Thomas Newman, a priest, who "*bare a faggot at Paules crosse for singing masse with good ale.*"

yet his face is good armour, and he is dashed out of any thing sooner than countenance. Grosser conceits are puzzled in him for a rare man; and wiser men though they know him [yet] take him [in] for their pleasure, or as they would do a sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at last stumbles on him, because he is still in the way. His companions that flouted him before, now envy him, when they see him come ready for scarlet, whilst themselves lye musty in their old clothes and colleges.

XLIV.

A baker.

No man verifies the proverb more, that it is an alms-deed to punish him; for his penalty is

a dole [9], and does the beggars as much good as their dinner. He abhors, therefore, works of charity, and thinks his bread cast away when it is given to the poor. He loves not justice neither, for the weigh-scale's sake, and hates the clerk of the market as his executioner; yet he finds mercy in his offences, and his basket only is sent to prison [10]. Marry a pillory is his deadly enemy, and he never hears well after.

9 *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms that was given away at the door of a nobleman. Steevens, note to *Shakspeare*. Sir John Hawkins affirms that the benefaction distributed at Lambeth palace gate, is to this day called the *dole*.

10 That is, the contents of his basket, if discovered to be of light weight, are distributed to the needy prisoners.

XLV.

A pretender to learning

Is one that would make all others more fools than himself, for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labour cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of scholar-mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry as in-

terrupted. You find him in his *slippers*[1] and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classick folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter up than himself, and the *boast*[2] of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek testament or Hebrew bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he reads any thing in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as

[1] *Study*, first edit.

[2] The first edition reads *post*, and, I think, preferably.

that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the meer scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgment, and listens with a sower attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger, and Casaubon, and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot conster, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business and retirement and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of any thing but learning, and

learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.

XLVI.

A herald

Is the spawn or indeed but the resultancy of nobility, and to the making of him went not a generation but a genealogy. His trade is honour, and he sells it and gives arms himself, though he be no gentleman. His bribes are like those of a corrupt judge, for they are the prices of blood. He seems very rich in dis-

course, for he tells you of whole fields of gold and silver, or, and argent, worth much in French but in English nothing. He is a great diver in the streams or issues of gentry, and not a by-channel or bastard escapes him; yea he does with them like some shameless queen, fathers more children on them than ever they begot. His traffick is a kind of pedlary-ware, scutchions, and pennons, and little daggers and lions, such as children esteem and gentlemen; but his pennyworths are rampant, for you may buy three whole brawns cheaper than three boar's heads of him painted. He was sometimes the terrible coat of Mars, but is now for more merciful battles in the tilt-yard, where whosoever is victorious, the spoils are his. He is an art in England but in Wales nature, where they are born with heraldry in their mouths, and each name is a pedigree.

XLVII.

The common singing-men in cathedral churches

Are a bad society, and yet a company of good fellows, that roar deep in the quire, deeper in the tavern. They are the eight parts of speech which go to the syntaxis of service, and are distinguished by their noises much like bells, for they make not a concert but a peal. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted that they serve God oftest when they are drunk. Their humanity is a leg to the residencer, their learning a chapter, for they learn it commonly before they read it; yet the old Hebrew names are little beholden to them, for they mis-call them worse than one another. Though they never expound the scripture,

they handle it much, and pollute the gospel with two things, their conversation and their thumbs. Upon worky-days, they behave themselves at prayers as at their pots, for they swallow them down in an instant. Their gowns are laced commonly with streamings of ale, the superfluities of a cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their anthems abler to sing catches. Long lived for the most part they are not, especially the base, they overflow their bank so oft to drown the organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in God's service; and to take their death with more patience, they have wine and cakes at their funeral, and now they keep[3] the church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones as before with their noise.

[3] *Keep* for attend.

XLVIII.

A shop-keeper.

His shop is his well stuft book, and himself the title-page of it, or index. He utters much to all men, though he sells but to a few, and intreats for his own necessities, by asking others what they lack. No man speaks more and no more, for his words are like his wares, twenty of one sort, and he goes over them alike to all commers. He is an arrogant commender of his own things; for whatsoever he shews you is the best in the town, though the worst in his shop. His conscience was a thing that would have laid upon his hands, and he was forced to put it off, and makes great use of honesty to profess upon. He tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the phrase to sell in, and the language he spent most of his years to learn. He

never speaks so truely as when he says he would use you as his brother; for he would abuse his brother, and in his shop thinks it lawful. His religion is much in the nature of his customers, and indeed the pander to it: and by a mis-interpreted sense of scripture makes a gain of his godliness. He is your slave while you pay him ready money, but if he once befriend you, your tyrant, and you had better deserve his hate than his trust.

XLIX.

A blunt man

Is one whose wit is better pointed than his behaviour, and that coarse and impolished, not out of ignorance so much as humour. He is a

great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of complement, and hates ceremony in conversation, as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not any thing in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old out-of-date innocent oaths, as, by the mass! by our lady! and such like, and though there be lords present, he cries, my masters! He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plain man. His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant; for he must speak his

mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy [4] of his commendations, as his courtesy, and his good word is like an eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favoured than he favours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally ho-

[4] *Squeazy*, niggardly.

nest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crookned to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad, in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humour, that professes not to disguise.

L.

A handsome hostess

Is the fairer commendation of an inn, above the fair sign, or fair lodgings. She is the loadstone that attracts men of iron, gallants and roarers, where they cleave sometimes long, and are not easily got off. Her lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her company,

which is put into the reckoning too, and is the dearest parcel in it. No citizen's wife is demurer than she at the first greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper; but you may be more familiar without distaste, and she does not startle at bawdry. She is the confusion of a pottle of sack more than would have been spent elsewhere, and her little jugs are accepted to have her kiss excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not believed so in her parish, and no man is a greater infidel in it than her husband.

LI.

A critic

Is one that has spelled over a great many books, and his observation is the orthography.

He is the surgeon of old authors, and heals the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and *desunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with two lines he is more proud of that book than the author. He runs over all sciences to peruse their syntaxis, and thinks all learning comprised in writing Latin. He tastes stiles as some discreeter palates do wine; and tells you which is genuine, which sophisticate and bastard. His own phrase is a miscellany of old words, deceased long before the Cæsars, and entombed by Varro, and the modernest man he follows is Plautus. He writes *omneis* at length, and *quidquid*, and his gerund is most inconformable. He is a troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgment of his castigations. He is one that makes all books sell dearer, whilst he swells them into folios with his comments [5].

[5] On this passage, I fear, the present volume will be a sufficient commentary.

LII.

A sergeant, or catch-pole

Is one of God's judgments; and which our roarers do only conceive terrible. He is the properest shape wherein they fancy Satan; for he is at most but an arrester, and hell a dungeon. He is the creditor's hawk, wherewith they seize upon flying birds, and fetch them again in his tallons. He is the period of young gentlemen, or their full stop, for when he meets with them they can go no farther. His ambush is a shop-stall, or close lane, and his assault is cowardly at your back. He respites you in no place but a tavern, where he sells his minutes dearer than a clock-maker. The common way to run from him is through him, which is often attempted and atchieved, [6][*and no man is more beaten*

[6] *And the clubs out of charity knock him down,* first edit.

out of charity.] He is one makes the street more dangerous than the highways, and men go better provided in their walks than their journey. He is the first handsel of the young rapiers of the templers; and they are as proud of his repulse as an Hungarian of killing a Turk. He is a moveable prison, and his hands two manacles hard to be filed off. He is an occasioner of disloyal thoughts in the commonwealth, for he makes men hate the king's name worse than the devil's.

LIII.

An university dun

Is a gentleman's follower cheaply purchased, for his own money has hired him. He is an inferior creditor of some ten shillings downwards,

contracted for horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in suit, and he arrests your modesty. He is now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your stairs a whole afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman-usher. He is a sore beleaguerer of chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks; yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. He is a great complainer of scholar's loytering, for he is sure never to find them within, and yet he is the chief cause many times that makes them study. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men that shun him for his kindness, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain than he; and by shifting him off they learn to shift in the world. Some chuse their rooms on purpose to avoid his surprisals, and think the best commodity in them his prospect. He is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts those that care not

for his company, and he knows it well enough, and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supple him is the buttery, where he takes grievous use upon your name [7], and he is one much wrought with good beer and rhetorick. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no gallant walks the streets to less purpose.

LIV.

A stayed man

Is a man: one that has taken order with himself, and sets a rule to those lawlesnesses within him: whose life is distinct and in method, and his actions, as it were, cast up before: not loosed into the world's vanities, but gathered up and

[7] That is, *runs you up a long score.*

contracted in his station: not scattered into many pieces of businesses, but that one course he takes, goes through with. A man firm and standing in his purposes, not heaved off with each wind and passion: that squares his expence to his coffers, and makes the total first, and then the items. One that thinks what he does, and does what he says, and foresees what he may do before he purposes. One whose "if I can" is more than another's assurance; and his doubtful tale before some men's protestations:—that is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his conjectures oft true prophecies:—that makes a pause still betwixt his ear and belief, and is not too hasty to say after others. One whose tongue is strung up like a clock till the time, and then strikes, and says much when he talks little:—that can see the truth betwixt two wranglers, and sees them agree even in that they fall out upon:—that speaks no rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the spirit of sack.

A man cool and temperate in his passions, not easily betrayed by his choler:—that vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat, but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too:—that can come fairly off from captain's companies, and neither drink nor quarrel. One whom no ill hunting sends home discontented, and makes him swear at his dogs and family. One not hasty to pursue the new fashion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round breeches; but gravely handsome, and to his place, which suits him better than his taylor: active in the world without disquiet, and careful without misery; yet neither ingulphed in his pleasures, nor a seeker of business, but has his hour for both. A man that seldom laughs violently, but his mirth is a cheerful look: of a composed and settled countenance, not set, nor much alterable with sadness or joy. He affects nothing so wholly, that he must be a miserable man when he loses it; but fore-thinks what will come here-

after, and spares fortune his thanks and curses. One that loves his credit, not this word reputation; yet can save both without a duel. Whose entertainments to greater men are respectful, not complementary; and to his friends plain, not rude. A good husband, father, master; that is, without doting, pampering, familiarity. A man well poised in all humours, in whom nature shewed most geometry, and he has not spoiled the work. A man of more wisdom than wittiness, and brain than fancy; and abler to any thing than to make verses

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LV.

A modest man

Is a far finer man than he knows of, one that shews better to all men than himself, and so

much the better to all men, as less to himself[8]; for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: and he can put up any injury sooner than this (as he calls it) your irony. You shall hear him confute his commenders, and giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudicial than your under-opinion, because it is easier to make that false, than this true. He is one that sneaks from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not justify it; and is more blushingly reprehended in this, than others in sin: that counts all publick declarings of himself, but so many penances before the people; and the more you applaud

[8] This, as well as many other passages in this work, has been appropriated by John Dunton, the celebrated bookseller, as his own. See his character of Mr. Samuel Hool, in *Dunton's Life and Errors*, 8vo. 1705. p. 337.

him, the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a month after. One that is easy to like any thing of another man's, and thinks all he knows not of him better than that he knows. He excuses that to you, which another would impute; and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his own, but suspects it rather, because it is his own, and is confuted and thanks you. He sees nothing more willingly than his errors, and it is his error sometimes to be too soon persuaded. He is content to be auditor, where he only can speak, and content to go away, and think himself instructed. No man is so weak that he is ashamed to learn of, and is less ashamed to confess it; and he finds many times even in the dust, what others overlook and lose. Every man's presence is a kind of bridle to him, to stop the roving of his tongue and passions: and even impudent men look for this reverence from him, and distaste that in him, which they suffer in

themselves, as one in whom vice is ill-favoured, and shews more scurvily than another. A bawdy jest shall shame him more than a bastard another man, and he that got it shall censure him among the rest. And he is coward to nothing more than an ill tongue, and whosoever dare lye on him hath power over him; and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The main ambition of his life is not to be discredited; and for other things, his desires are more limited than his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, though never so mean, and that he is to do something to deserve this. He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to help himself: If he do, it was the violence of his friends constrained him, how hardly soever he obtain it, he was harder persuaded to seek it.

LVI.

A meer empty wit

Is like one that spends on the stock without any revenues coming in, and will shortly be no wit at all; for learning is the fuel to the fire of wit, which, if it wants this feeding, eats out it self. A good conceit or two bates of such a man, and makes a sensible weakening in him; and his brain recovers it not a year after. The rest of him are bubbles and flashes, darted out on a sudden, which, if you take them while they are warm, may be laughed at; if they are cool, are nothing. He speaks best on the present apprehension, for meditation stupifies him, and the more he is in travel, the less he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a nauseateing stomach, where there is nothing to cast up, strains and convulsions, and some astonishing

bombast, which men only, till they understand, are scared with. A verse or some such work he may sometimes get up to, but seldom above the stature of an epigram, and that with some relief out of Martial, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reads him as he were inspired. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merry the company, and whom only men have to do withal when they have nothing to do, and none are less their friends than who are most their company. Here they vent themselves over a cup some-what more lastingly; all their words go for jests, and all their jests for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of some ridiculous thing, and reasonable good in the expression. Nothing stops a jest when it's coming, neither friends, nor danger, but it must out howsoever, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically rail, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reasonable

familiar to this. Briefly they are such whose life is but to laugh and be laughed at; and only wits in jest and fools in earnest.

LVII.

A drunkard

Is one that will be a man to-morrow morning, but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend the better. One that hath let go himself from the hold and stay of reason, and lies open to the mercy of all temptations. No lust but finds him disarmed and fenceless, and with the least assault enters. If any mischief escape him, it was not his fault, for he was laid as fair for it as he could. Every man sees him, as Cham saw

his father the first of this sin, an uncovered man, and though his garment be on, uncovered; the secretest parts of his soul lying in the nakedest manner visible: all his passions come out now, all his vanities, and those shamefuller humours which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a miry way, where the spirits are beclogged and cannot pass: all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the use he has of this vessel himself, is to hold thus much; for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that filled out again into the room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves to air him after a washing, and is his only breath and breathing while. He is the greatest enemy to himself, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindness, for his kindness is but trying a mastery, who shall sink down

first: and men come from him as a battle, wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and business, and makes him more retchlesly[9] careless what becomes of all. Indeed he dares not enter on a serious thought, or if he do, it is such melancholy that it sends him to be drunk again.

9 Rechlesse, *negligent*. Saxon, rectleȝȝe. Chaucer uses it also as an adjective:

"I may not in this cas be *reccheles*."

Clerkes Tale, v. 8364.

LVIII.

A prison

Is the grave of the living [10], where they are shut up from the world and their friends; and the worms that gnaw upon them their own thoughts and the jaylor. A house of meagre looks and ill smells, for lice, drink, and tobacco are the compound. Pluto's court was expressed from this fancy; and the persons are much about the same parity that is there. You may ask, as Menippus in Lucian, which is Nireus, which Thersites, which the beggar, which the knight;—for they are all suited in the same form of a kind of nasty poverty. Only to be out

10 "A prison is a graue to bury men aliue, and a place wherein a man for halfe a yeares experience may learne more law then he can at Westminster for an hundred pound." Mynshul's *Essays and Characters of a Prison.* 4to. 1618.

at elbows is in fashion here, and a great indecorum not to be thread-bare. Every man shews here like so many wracks upon the sea, here the ribs of a thousand pound, here the relicks of so many mannors, a doublet without buttons; and 'tis a spectacle of more pity than executions are. The company one with the other is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on fortune and fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their creditors, most bitter against the lawyers, as men that have had a great stroke in assisting them hither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard-heartedness, yet they feign it sometimes to slip melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the place

where new comers are most welcomed, and, next them, ill news, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to insult:— and they breath their discontents more securely here, and have their tongues at more liberty than abroad. Men see here much sin and much calamity; and where the last does not mortify, the other hardens; as those that are worse here, are desperately worse, and those from whom the horror of sin is taken off and the punishment familiar: and commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this school; which though it teach much wisdom, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better be a fool than come here to learn it.

LIX.

A serving man

Is one of the makings up of a gentleman as well as his clothes, and somewhat in the same nature, for he is cast behind his master as fashionably as his sword and cloak are, and he is but *in querpo*[1] without him. His properness[2] qualifies him, and of that a good leg; for

1 *In querpo* is a corruption from the Spanish word *cuérpo.* "*En cuérpo, a man without a cloak.*" Pineda's *Dictionary*, 1740. The present signification evidently is, that a gentleman without his serving-man, or attendant, is but half dressed:—he possesses only in part the appearance of a man of fashion. "*To walk in cuerpo, is to go without a cloak.*" *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 8vo. 1719.

2 *Proper* was frequently used by old writers for comely, or handsome. Shakspeare has several instances of it:

> "I do mistake my person all this while:
> Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
> Myself to be a marvellous *proper* man."
>
> *K. Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2. &c.

his head he has little use but too keep it bare. A good dull wit best suits with him to comprehend common sense and a trencher; for any greater store of brain it makes him but tumultuous, and seldom thrives with him. He follows his master's steps, as well in conditions as the street: if he wench or drink, he comes him in an under kind, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him. He is indeed wholly his master's; of his faction,—of his cut,—of his pleasures:—he is handsome for his credit, and drunk for his credit, and if he have power in the cellar, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best company, and is none of it; for he knows all the gentlemen his master knows, and picks from thence some hawking and horse-race terms [2], which he swaggers with in the ale-house, where he is only called

[3] "Why you know an'a man have not skill in the *hawking and hunting* languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him." *Master Stephen. Every Man in his Humour.*

master. His mirth is bawdy jests with the wenches, and, behind the door, bawdy earnest. The best work he does is his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follows in it his master's direction, it is commonly the best service he does him.

LX.

An insolent man

Is a fellow newly great and newly proud; one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath shot up to some office or authority, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how

much he is, and if you understand him not, he tells you, and concludes every period with his place, which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance, whom he beats off with a surlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they have known him: and for this cause he knows not you 'till you have told him your name, which he thinks he has heard, but forgot, and with much ado seems to recover. If you have any thing to use him in, you are his vassal for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does only to shew what he may do. He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you, you are sawcy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such an arrogance and imputation; and he is the only man you may hate after a good turn; and

not be ungrateful; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all, but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behaviour from that contempt which would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good-nature.

LXI.

Acquaintance

Is the first draught of a friend, whom we must lay down oft thus, as the foul copy, before we can write him perfect and true: for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our respect, till at last they wholly possess us: for acquaintance is the hoard, and friendship the pair chosen out of it; by which at last we begin to impropriate and inclose to ourselves what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it grows not up to this, it falls as low as may be; and no poorer relation than old acquaintance, of whom we only ask how they do for fashion's sake, and care not. The ordinary use of acquaintance is but somewhat a more boldness of society, a

sharing of talk, news, drink, mirth together; but sorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing nearer our heart, and to be delivered with it. Nothing easier than to create acquaintance, the mere being in company once does it; whereas friendship, like children, is ingendered by a more inward mixture, and coupling together; when we are acquainted not with their virtues only, but their faults, their passions, their fears, their shame,—and are bold on both sides to make their discovery. And as it is in the love of the body, which is then at the height and full when it has power and admittance into the hidden and worst parts of it; so it is in friendship with the mind, when those *verenda* of the soul, and those things which we dare not shew the world, are bare and detected one to another. Some men are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none; for friendship is a sullener thing, is a contractor and taker up of our affections to some few, and suf-

fers them not loosely to be scattered on all men. The poorest tie of acquaintance is that of place and country, which are shifted as the place, and missed but while the fancy of that continues. These are only then gladdest of other, when they meet in some foreign region, where the encompassing of strangers unites them closer, till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminency, as their acquaintance is more sought for, so they are generally more staunch of it, not out of pride only, but fear to let too many in too near them: for it is with men as with pictures, the best show better afar off and at distance, and the closer you come to them the coarser they are. The best judgment of a man is taken from his acquaintance, for friends and enemies are both partial; whereas these see him truest because calmest, and are no way so engaged to lie for him. And men that grow strange after acquaintance, seldom piece together again, as

those that have tasted meat and dislike it, out of a mutual experience disrelishing one another.

LXII.

A meer complimental man

Is one to be held off still at the same distance you are now; for you shall have him but thus, and if you enter on him farther you lose him. Methinks Virgil well expresses him in those well-behaved ghosts that Æneas met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but if he grasped them, but air.[7] He is one that lies kindly to you, and for good

7 Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum:
Ter frustra conprensa manus effugit imago,
Par leuibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.
Virgil Æn. vi. *v.* 700. edit. Heyne, 1787.

fashion's sake, and tis discourtesy in you to believe him. His words are so many fine phrases set together, which serve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man puts him to the same part again, and he goes over to you what he said to him was last with him: he kisses your hands as he kissed his before, and is your servant to be commanded, but you shall intreat of him nothing. His proffers are universal and general, with exceptions against all particulars. He will do any thing for you, but if you urge him to this, he cannot, or to that, he is engaged; but he will do any thing. Promises he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners not to exact them: if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot distinguish betwixt what is spoken and what is meant. No man gives better satisfaction at the first, and comes off more with the elogy of a kind gentleman, till you know him better, and

then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most rail at him, that have before most commended him. The best is, he cozens you in a fair manner, and abuses you with great respect.

LXIII.

A poor fiddler

Is a man and a fiddle out of case, and he in worse case than his fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the Indians strike fire), and rubs a poor living out of it; partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing than giving him, for he sells nothing dearer than to be gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two; and yet he begs too, only not

in the downright 'for God's sake,' but with a shrugging 'God bless you,' and his face is more pined than the blind man's. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring John Dory[8]. Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the scent. His other pilgrimages are fairs and good houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas; and no man loves good times better. He is in league with the tapsters for the worshipful of the inn, whom he torments next morning with his art, and has their names more perfect than their men. A new song is better to him than a new jacket, especially if bawdy, which he calls merry; and hates naturally the puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A country wedding and

[8] Probably the name of some difficult tune.

Whitson-ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a musician, and overlooks the bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunk, and in the stocks.

LXIV.

A meddling man

Is one that has nothing to do with his business, and yet no man busier than he, and his business is most in his face. He is one thrusts himself violently into all employments, unsent for, unfeed, and many times unthanked; and his part in it is only an eager bustling, that rather keeps ado than does any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affair, and listen with both ears, and look earnestly,

and then it is nothing so much yours as his. He snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cries "give it me," and does it worse, and lays an engagement upon you too, and you must thank him for this pains. He lays you down an hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and he delivers them with a serious and counselling forehead; and there is a great deal more wisdom in this forehead than his head. He will woo for you, solicit for you, and woo you to suffer him; and scarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himself is not seen: if he have no task in it else, he will rail yet on some side, and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thoroughly weigh any business, but are forward only to shew their zeal, when many times this forwardness spoils it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is, as much hurt. Wise men still deprecate these men's kindnesses,

and are beholden to them rather to let them alone; as being one trouble more in all business, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

LXV.

A good old man

Is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire. One whom time hath been thus long a working, and like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learnt the best thing in it; the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His lust was long broken before his body, yet he is glad this temptation is broke

too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakness. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel his good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. His old sayings and morals seem proper to his beard; and the poetry of Cato does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can

distinguish gravity from a sour look; and the less testy he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion too when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relick. He is a man capable of a dearness with the youngest men, yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him; and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

LXVI.

A flatterer

Is the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter many times, so he oft shews fairer than the true substance: his look, conversation, company, and all the outwardness of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to be sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the least hold go, for fear of losing you. Your meer sour look affrights him, and makes him doubt his casheering. And this is one sure mark of him, that he is never first angry, but ready though upon his own wrong to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yoked with a poor man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him

he learns first, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humours than himself, and by this door enters upon his soul, of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump[9] even with your's; he is before-hand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what he knows you like, and has always some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man. He will ask your counsel sometimes as a man of deep judgment, and has a secret of purpose to

9 *Jump* here signifies to coincide. The old play of *Soliman and Perseda*, 4to. *without date*, uses it in the same sense:

" Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump* with mine."

So in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divele*:— " Not two of them *jump* in one tale." p. 29.

disclose to you, and, whatsoever you say, is persuaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your vertues, as, *you are too good, too honest, too religious*, when his chiding may seem but the earnester commendation, and yet would fain chide you out of them too; for your vice is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him; and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus, at last, he possesses you from yourself, and then expects but his hire to betray you: and it is a happiness not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

LXVII.

A high-spirited man

Is one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth's sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedom, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom, than others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honour, of which title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great stile's sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a complement. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scorns no man so much

as his surly threatener. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner than words: only to himself he is irreconcileable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one had rather perish than be beholden for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defence; you shall hear him talk still after thousands, and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thoughts to the pelting businesses of life. He would sooner accept the gallows than a mean trade, or any thing that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging neither. One that will do

nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwise; and if ever he do evil, it is when he is dared to it. He is one that if fortune equal his worth puts a luster in all preferment; but if otherwise he be too much crossed, turns desperately melancholy, and scorns mankind.

LXVIII.

A meer gull citizen

Is one much about the same model and pitch of brain that the clown is, only of somewhat a more polite and finical ignorance, and as sillily scorns him as he is sillily admired by him. The quality of the city hath afforded him some better dress of clothes and language, which he uses to the best advantage, and is so much the

more ridiculous. His chief education is the visits of his shop, where if courtiers and fine ladies resort, he is infected with so much more eloquence, and if he catch one word extraordinary, wears it for ever. You shall hear him mince a complement sometimes that was never made for him; and no man pays dearer for good words,—for he is oft paid with them. He is suited rather fine than in the fashion, and has still something to distinguish him from a gentleman, though his doublet cost more; especially on Sundays, bridegroom-like, where he carries the state of a very solemn man, and keeps his pew as his shop; and it is a great part of his devotion to feast the minister. But his chiefest guest is a customer, which is the greatest relation he acknowledges, especially if you be an honest gentleman, that is trust him to cozen you enough. His friendships are a kind of gossipping friendships, and those commonly within the circle of his trade, wherein he is

careful principally to avoid two things, that is poor men and suretiships. He is a man will spend his six-pence with a great deal of imputation [10], and no man makes more of a pint of wine than he. He is one bears a pretty kind of foolish love to scholars, and to Cambridge especially for Sturbridge [1] fair's sake; and of these all are truants to him that are not preachers, and of these the loudest the best; and he is much ravished with the noise of a rolling tongue. He loves to hear discourses out of his

[10] *Imputation* here must be used for *consequence;* of which I am, however, unable to produce any other instance.

[1] *Sturbridge fair* was the great mart for business, and resort for pleasure, in bishop Earle's day. It is alluded to in Randolph's *Conceited Pedlar*, 4to. 1630.

"I am a pedlar, and I sell my ware
This braue Saint Barthol. or *Sturbridge faire.*"

Edward Ward, the facetious author of *The London Spy*, gives a whimsical account of a journey to *Sturbridge*, in the second volume of his works.

element, and the less he understands the better pleased, which he expresses in a smile and some fond protestation. One that does nothing without his chuck[2], that is his wife, with whom he is billing still in conspiracy, and the wantoner she is, the more power she has over him; and she never stoops so low after him, but is the only woman goes better of a widow than a maid. In the education of his child no man fearfuller, and the danger he fears is a harsh school-master, to whom he is alledging still the weakness of the boy, and pays a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The first whipping rids him to the university, and from thence rids him again for fear of starving, and the best he makes of him is some gull in plush.

[2] This silly term of endearment appears to be derived from *chick*, or *my chicken*. Shakspeare uses it in Macbeth, Act iii. Scene 2.

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest *chuck*."

He is one loves to hear the famous acts of citizens, whereof the gilding of the cross[3] he counts the glory of this age, and the four[4] pren-

[3] The great cross in West Cheap, was originally erected in 1290, by Edward I. in commemoration of the death of queen Ellinor, whose body rested at that place, on its journey from Herdeby, in Lincolnshire, to Westminster, for interment. It was rebuilt in 1441, and again in 1484. In 1581, the images and ornaments were destroyed by the populace; and in 1599, the top of the cross was taken down, the timber being rotted within the lead, and fears being entertained as to its safety. By order of queen Elizabeth, and her privy council, it was repaired in 1600, when, says Stow, "a cross of timber was framed, set up, covered with lead, *and gilded*," &c. Stow's *Survey of London*, by Strype, book iii. p. 35. Edit. folio, Lond. 1720.

[4] This must allude to the play written by Heywood with the following title: *The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Ierusalem. As it hath bene diuerse times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queene's Maiesties Seruants.* 4to. Lond. 1615. In this drama, the *four prentises* are Godfrey, Grey, Charles, and Eustace, sons to the *old Earle of Bullen*, who, having lost his territories, by assisting William the Conqueror in his descent upon England, is compelled to live like a private citizen in London, and binds his sons to a mercer, a gold-

tices of London above all the nine[5] worthies. He intitles himself to all the merits of his company, whether schools, hospitals, or exhibitions, in which he is joint benefactor, though four

smith, a haberdasher, and a grocer. The *four prentises*, however, prefer the life of a soldier to that of a tradesman, and, quitting the service of their masters, follow Robert of Normandy to the holy land, where they perform the most astonishing feats of valour, and finally accomplish the *conquest of Ierusalem*. The whole play abounds in bombast and impossibilities, and, as a composition, is unworthy of notice or remembrance.

[5] *The History of the Nine Worthies of the World; three whereof were Gentiles:* 1. *Hector, son of Priamus, king of Troy.* 2. *Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, and conqueror of the world.* 3. *Julius Cæsar, first emperor of Rome. Three Jews.* 4. *Joshua, captain general and leader of Israel into Canaan.* 5. *David, king of Israel.* 6. *Judas Maccabeus, a valiant Jewish commander against the tyranny of Antiochus. Three Christians.* 7. *Arthur, king of Britain, who courageously defended his country against the Saxons.* 8. *Charles the Great, king of France and emperor of Germany.* 9. *Godfrey of Bullen, king of Jerusalem. Being an account of their glorious lives, worthy actions, renowned victories, and deaths.* 12mo. No date.

hundred years ago, and upbraids them far more than those that gave them: yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and in that a sufficienter man than he that is wiser.

LXIX.

A lascivious man

Is the servant he says of many mistresses, but all are but his lust, to which only he is faithful, and none besides, and spends his best blood and spirits in the service. His soul is the bawd to his body, and those that assist him in this nature the nearest to it. No man abuses more the name of love, or those whom he applies this name to; for his love is like his stomach to feed on what he loves, and the end of it to surfeit and

loath, till a fresh appetite rekindle him; and it kindles on any sooner than who deserve best of him. There is a great deal of malignity in this vice, for it loves still to spoil the best things, and a virgin sometimes rather than beauty, because the undoing here is greater, and consequently his glory. No man laughs more at his sin than he, or is so extremely tickled with the remembrance of it; and he is more violence to a modest ear than to her he deflourcd. A bawdy jest enters deep into him, and whatsoever you speak he will draw to baudry, and his wit is never so good as here. His unchastest part is his tongue, for that commits always what he must act seldomer; and that commits with all which he acts with few; for he is his own worst reporter, and men believe as bad of him, and yet do not believe him. Nothing harder to his persuasion than a chaste man, no eunuch; and makes a scoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a maid. And from this mistrust it is that such men fear

marriage, or at least marry such as are of bodies to be trusted, to whom only they sell that lust which they buy of others, and make their wife a revenue to their mistress. They are men not easily reformed, because they are so little ill-persuaded of their illness, and have such pleas from man and nature. Besides it is a jeering and flouting vice, and apt to put jests on the reprover. The pox only converts them, and that only when it kills them.

LXX.

A rash man

Is a man too quick for himself; one whose actions put a leg still before his judgement, and out-run it. Every hot fancy or passion is the

signal that sets him forward, and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to digest a business, and stay the leisure of a second thought All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather than take cold. He is always resolved at first thinking, and the ground he goes upon is, *hap what may.* Thus he enters not, but throws himself violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently upon all off again; and as an obstinate "*I will*" was the preface to his undertaking, so his conclusion is commonly "*I would I had not;*" for such men seldom do any thing that they are not forced to take in pieces again, and are so much farther off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his physician, sought to only in his sickness and extremity, and to help him out of that mire he has plunged himself into; for in the suddenness of

his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill success has allayed him he hears too late. He is a man still swayed with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pick-thank than he. He is one will fight first, and then expostulate, condemn first, and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindness undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, and cries, God mercy! for it, and curses again. His repentance is meerly a rage against himself, and he does something in itself to be repented again. He is a man whom fortune must go against much to make him happy, for had he been suffered his own way, he had been undone.

LXXI.

An affected man

Is an extraordinary man in ordinary things. One that would go a strain beyond himself, and is taken in it. A man that overdoes all things with great solemnity of circumstance; and whereas with more negligence he might pass better, makes himself with a great deal of endeavour ridiculous. The fancy of some odd quaintnesses have put him clean beside his nature; he cannot be that he would, and hath lost what he was. He is one must be point-blank in every trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it; the very space of his arms in an embrace studied before and premeditated, and the figure of his countenance of a fortnight's contriving; he will not curse you without-book and extempore, but in some choice way, and per-

haps as some great man curses. Every action of his cries,—"*Do ye mark me?*" and men do mark him how absurd he is: for affectation is the most betraying humour, and nothing that puzzles a man less to find out than this. All the actions of his life are like so many things bodged in without any natural cadence or connection at all. You shall track him all through like a school-boy's theme, one piece from one author and this from another, and join all in this general, that they are none of his own. You shall observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that simper; and it is his luck that his finest things most misbecome him. If he affect the gentleman as the humour most commonly lies that way, not the least punctilio of a fine man, but he is strict in to a hair, even to their very negligences, which he cons as rules. He will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation, and pay double a reckoning, rather than ignobly question it: and he is full of this—

ignobly—and nobly—and genteely;—and this meer fear to trespass against the genteel way puts him out most of all. It is a humour runs through many things besides, but is an ill-favoured ostentation in all, and thrives not:—and the best use of such men is, they are good parts in a play.

LXXI.

A profane man

Is one that denies God as far as the law gives him leave; that is, only does not say so in downright terms, for so far he may go. A man that does the greatest sins calmly, and as the ordinary actions of life, and as calmly discourses of it again. He will tell you his business is

to break such a commandment, and the breaking of the commandment shall tempt him to it. His words are but so many vomitings cast up to the loathsomeness of the hearers, only those of his company[6] loath it not. He will take upon him with oaths to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good sport at his conquest over the puritan fool. The scripture supplies him for jests, and he reads it on purpose to be thus merry: he will prove you his sin out of the bible, and then ask if you will not take that authority. He never sees the church but of purpose to sleep in it, or when some silly man preaches, with whom he means to make sport, and is most jocund in the church. One that nick-names clergymen with all the terms of reproach, as "*rat*, *black-coat*," and the like; which he will be sure to keep up, and never calls them by other: that sings psalms

[6] Those of the same habits with himself; his associates.

when he is drunk, and cries "*God mercy*" in mockery, for he must do it. He is one seems to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would else turn him desperate; for atheism is the refuge of such sinners, whose repentance would be only to hang themselves.

LXXIII.

A coward

Is the man that is commonly most fierce against the coward, and labouring to take off this suspicion from himself; for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter than he is in civil company, and where he thinks no danger

may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a drawer and those that must not strike again: wonderful exceptious and cholerick where he sees men are loth to give him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better than by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he protests he always honoured you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly than the stroke, for before that come he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this is the only man can do much with him; for his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two: and men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be bribed again to a reconcilement.

A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a christian meerly for fear of hell-fire; and if any religion could fright him more, would be of that.

LXXIV.

A sordid rich man

Is a beggar of a fair estate, of whose wealth we may say as of other men's unthriftiness, that it has brought him to this: when he had nothing he lived in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his own behalf for using himself thus, and yet, being upon himself, it is but justice, for he deserves it. Every acces-

sion of a fresh heap bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving. His body had been long since desperate, but for the reparation of other men's tables, where he hoards meats in his belly for a month, to maintain him in hunger so long. His clothes were never young in our memory; you might make long epochas from them, and put them into the almanack with the dear year[7] and the

[7] The *dear year* here, I believe, alluded to, was in 1574, and is thus described by that faithful and valuable historian Holinshed:—"This yeare, about Lammas, wheat was sold at London for three shillings the bushell: but shortlie after, it was raised to foure shillings, fiue shillings, six shillings, and, before Christmas, to a noble, and seuen shillings; which so continued long after. Beefe was sold for twentie pence, and two and twentie pence the stone; and all other flesh and white meats at an excessiue price; all kind of salt fish verie deare, as fiue herings two pence, &c.; yet great plentie of fresh fish, and oft times the same verie cheape. Pease at foure shillings the bushell; ote-meale at foure shillings eight pence; baie salt at three shillings the bushell, &c. All this dearth notwithstanding,

great frost[8], and he is known by them longer than his face. He is one never gave alms in his life, and yet is as charitable to his neighbour as himself. He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot; and his reason is, he will not be undone. He never pays any thing but with strictness of law, for fear of which only he steals not. He loves to pay short a shilling or two in a great sum, and is glad to gain that when he can no more. He never sees friend but in a journey to save the charges of an inn, and then only is not sick; and his friends never see him but to abuse him.

(thanks be given to God,) there was no want of anie thing to them that wanted not monie." Holinshed, *Chronicle*, vol. 3, page 1259, a. edit. folio, 1587.

[8] On the 21st of December, 1564, began a frost referred to by Fleming, in his Index to *Holinshed*, as the "*frost called the great frost*," which lasted till the 3rd of January, 1565. It was so severe that the Thames was frozen over, and the passage on it, from London-bridge to Westminster, as easy as, and more frequented than that on dry land.

He is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantick thrift, and one of the strangest things that wealth can work.

LXXV.

A meer great man

Is so much heraldry without honour, himself less real than his title. His virtue is, that he was his father's son, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that lives meerly to preserve another's memory, and let us know who died so many years ago. One of just as much use as his images, only he differs in this, that he can speak himself, and save the fellow of Westminster[9] a labour: and he remembers

9 The person who exhibits Westminster abbey.

nothing better than what was out of his life. His grandfathers and their acts are his discourse, and he tells them with more glory than they did them; and it is well they did enough, or else he had wanted matter. His other studies are his sports and those vices that are fit for great men. Every vanity of his has his officer, and is a serious employment for his servants. He talks loud, and baudily, and scurvily as a part of state, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning, except some parcels of the chronicle and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is meerly of his servants' faction, and their instrument for their friends and enemies, and is always least thanked for his own courtesies. They that fool him most do most with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him bare-head. No man is kept in ignorance more of himself and men, for he hears nought but flattery; and what is fit to

be spoken, truth with so much preface that it loses itself. Thus he lives till his tomb be made ready, and is then a grave statue to posterity.

LXXVI.

A poor man

Is the most impotent man, though neither blind nor lame, as wanting the more necessary limbs of life, without which limbs are a burden. A man unfenced and unsheltered from the gusts of the world, which blow all in upon him, like an unroofed house; and the bitterest thing he suffers is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kind of churlisher fashion, and even more plausible natures are churlish to him, as who are nothing advantaged by his opinion. Whom

men fall out with before-hand to prevent friendship, and his friends too to prevent engagements, or if they own him 'tis in private and a by-room, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together is not half so scandalous, nor sets off our acquaintance farther; and even those that are not friends for ends do not love any dearness with such men. The least courtesies are upbraided to him, and himself thanked for none, but his best services suspected as handsome sharking and tricks to get money. And we shall observe it in knaves themselves, that your beggarliest knaves are the greatest, or thought so at least, for those that have wit to thrive by it have art not to seem so. Now a poor man has not vizard enough to mask his vices, nor ornament enough to set forth his virtues, but both are naked and unhandsome; and though no man is necessitated to more ill, yet no man's ill is less excused, but it is thought a kind of impudence in him to

be vicious, and a presumption above his fortune. His good parts lye dead upon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the best are not commended but pitied, as virtues ill placed, and we may say of him, "Tis an honest man, but tis pity;" and yet those that call him so will trust a knave before him. He is a man that has the truest speculation of the world, because all men shew to him in their plainest and worst, as a man they have no plot on, by appearing good to; whereas rich men are entertained with a more holy-day behaviour, and see only the best we can dissemble. He is the only he that tries the true strength of wisdom, what it can do of itself without the help of fortune; that with a great deal of virtue conquers extremities, and with a great deal more his own impatience, and obtains of himself not to hate men.

LXXVII.

An ordinary honest man

Is one whom it concerns to be called honest, for if he were not this, he were nothing: and yet he is not this neither, but a good dull vicious fellow, that complies well with the deboshments[10] of the time, and is fit for it. One that has no good part in him to offend his company, or make him to be suspected a proud fellow; but is sociably a dunce, and sociably a drinker. That does it fair and above-board without legermain, and neither sharks[1] for a cup or a rec-

[10] Minshew interprets the verb *deboshe*, "to corrupt, make lewde, vitiate." When the word was first adopted from the French language, (says Mr. Steevens, in a note to the *Tempest*,) it appears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety.

[1] The verb *to shark* is frequently used, by old writers, for to *pilfer*, and, as in the present instance, to *spunge*.

koning: that is kind over his beer, and protests he loves you, and begins to you again, and loves you again. One that quarrels with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all absurdities and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning, though he remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he hear him abused, and his friend commonly is he that is most likely, and he lifts up many a jug in his defence. He rails against none but censurers, against whom he thinks he rails lawfully, and censurers are all those that are better than himself. These good properties qualify him for honesty enough, and raise him high in the alehouse commendation, who, if he had any other good quality, would be named by that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a sot: only those that commend him think him not so, and those that commend him are honest fellows.

LXXVIII.

A suspicious or jealous man

Is one that watches himself a mischief, and keeps a lear eye still, for fear it should escape him. A man that sees a great deal more in every thing than is to be seen, and yet he thinks he sees nothing: his own eye stands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of some weaknesses, which he might conceal if he were careless:—now his over-diligence to hide them makes men pry the more. Howsoever he imagines you have found him, and it shall go hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no. Not a word can be spoke, but nips him somewhere; not a jest thrown out, but he will make it hit him. You shall have him go fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and galled, and no man knows less

the occasion than they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing but at him, and to whisper in his company plain conspiracy. He bids you speak out, and he will answer you, when you thought not of him. He expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason at last to laugh at him hereafter. He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himself when he is not accused: and no man is undone more with apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive, that none will believe him; and he is never thought worse of, than when he has given satisfaction. Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so far; and this humour hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspicious. In conclusion, they are men always in offence and vexa-

tion with themselves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all in thinking they deserve it.

END OF THE CHARACTERS.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF BISHOP EARLE*.

ALL the biographical writers who have taken notice of JOHN EARLE agree in stating, that he was born in the city of York, although not one

* The following brief memoir pretends to be nothing more than an enumeration of such particulars relative to the excellent prelate, whose *Characters* are here offered to the public, as could be gathered from the historical and biographical productions of the period in which he flourished. It is hoped that no material occurrence has been overlooked, or circumstance mis-stated; but should any errors appear to have escaped his observation, the editor will feel obliged by the friendly intimation of such persons as may be possessed of more copious information than he has been able to obtain, in order that they may be acknowledged and corrected in another place.

of them has given the exact date of his birth, or any intelligence relative to his family, or the rank in life of his parents. It is, however, most probable, that they were persons of respectability and fortune, as he was sent, at an early age, to Oxford, and entered as a commoner of Christ-church college *, where his conduct was so exemplary, his attention to his studies so marked, and his general deportment and manners so pleasing, that he became a successful candidate at Merton-college, and was admitted a probationary fellow on that foundation in 1620, being then, according to Wood †, about nineteen years of age. He took the degree of Master of Arts, July 10, 1624, and in 1631 served the office of Proctor of the university, about which time he was also appointed chaplain to Philip Earl of Pembroke, then Chancellor of Oxford.

* He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts whilst a member of this society, July 3, 1619, and appears to have been always attached to it. In 1660 he gave twenty pounds towards repairing the cathedral and college.

Wood. Hist. et Antiq. Univ. Oxon. lib. ii. p. 284.

† *Athenæ Oxon.* ii. 365.

During the earlier part of our author's life, he appears to have possessed considerable reputation as a poet, and to have been as remarkable for the pleasantry of his conversation, as for his learning, virtues, and piety. Wood* tells us that "his younger years were adorned with oratory, poetry, and witty fancies, his elder with quaint preaching and subtile disputes." The only specimens of his poetry which can be recovered at this time, are three funeral tributes, which will be found in the Appendix, and of which two are now printed, I believe, for the first time.

Soon after his appointment to be Lord Pembroke's chaplain, he was presented by that nobleman to the rectory of Bishopstone, in Wiltshire; nor was this the only advantage he reaped from the friendship of his patron, who being at that time Lord Chamberlain of the King's household †, was entitled to a lodging in the court for his chaplain, a circumstance which in all probability introduced Mr. Earle to the notice of the King, who promoted him to be

* *Athenæ Oxon.* ii. 365.

† Collins' *Peerage*, iii. 123.

chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, when Dr. Duppa, who had previously discharged that important trust, was raised to the bishopric of Salisbury.

In 1642 Earle took his degree of Doctor in Divinity, and in the year following was actually elected one of the Assembly of Divines appointed by the parliament to new model the church. This office, although it may be considered a proof of the high opinion even those of different sentiments from himself entertained of his character and merit, he refused to accept, when he saw that there was no probability of assisting the cause of religion, or of restraining the violence of a misguided faction, by an interference among those who were "declared and avowed enemies to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England; some of them infamous in their lives and conversations, and most of them of very mean parts in learning, if not of scandalous ignorance *."

On the 10th of February, 1643, Dr. Earle was elected chancellor of the cathedral of Sa-

* Clarendon. *History of the Rebellion*, ii. 827. Edit. *Oxford*, 1807.

lisbury *, of which situation, as well as his living of Bishopstone, he was shortly after deprived by the ill success of the royal cause †.

When the defeat of the King's forces at Worcester compelled Charles the Second to fly his country, Earle attached himself to the fallen fortunes of his sovereign, and was among the first of those who saluted him upon his arrival at Rouen in Normandy, where he was made clerk of the closet, and King's chaplain ‡. Nor was his affection to the family of the Stuarts, and his devotion to their cause evinced by personal services only, as we find by a letter from Lord Clarendon to Dr. Barwick, that he

* Walker. *Sufferings of the Clergy*, fol. 1714, part ii. page 63.

† During the early part of the civil wars, and whilst success was doubtful on either side, he appears to have lived in retirement, and to have employed himself in a translation of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* into Latin, which, however, was never made public. At the appearance of Charles the First's Εικων Βασιλικη, he was desired by the king (Ch. II.) to execute the same task upon that production, which he performed with great ability. It was printed for distribution on the continent in 1649.

‡ Wood. *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 365.

assisted the King with money in his necessities *.

During the time that Charles was in Scotland, Dr. Earle resided at Antwerp, with his friend Dr. Morley †, from whence he was called upon to attend the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) at Paris ‡, in order that he might heal some of the breaches which were then existing between certain members of the duke's household §; and here it is probable he remained till the recal of Charles the Second to the throne of England.

Upon the Restoration, Dr. Earle received the reward of his constancy and loyalty, he was immediately promoted to the deanery of Westminster, a situation long designed for him

* *Life of Dr. John Barwick*, 8vo. Lond. 1724. p. 522.

† Dr. George Morley was chaplain to Charles the First, and canon of Christ Church, Oxford. At the Restoration he was made, first dean of Christ Church, then bishop of Worcester, and lastly bishop of Winchester. He died at Farnham-castle, October 29, 1684. See Wood. *Athen. Oxon.* ii. 581.

‡ Wood. *Athenæ*, ii. 770.

§ Clarendon's *Rebellion*, iii. 650.

by the King *. In 1661 he was appointed one of the commissioners for a review of the Liturgy †, and on November 30, 1662, was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, from which see he was translated, September 28, 1663, to the dignity of Salisbury ‡.

Little more remains to be added.—Bishop Earle appears to have continued his residence with the royal family after the acquisition of his well-deserved honours; and when the court retired to Oxford, during the plague in 1665, he attended their majesties to the place of his early education, and died at his apartments in University College, on the 17th of November. He was buried on the 25th, near the high altar, in Merton College chapel; and was, according to Wood, "accompanied to his grave, from the public schools, by an herald at arms, and the principal persons of the court and university." His monument, which stands at the north-east corner of the chapel, is still in excellent preservation, and possesses the following inscription :—

* *Life of Barwick*, 452.

† Kennet's *Register*, folio, 1728, page 504.

‡ Wood. *Athenæ*, ii. 366.

" Amice, si quis hic sepultus est, roges,
Ille, qui nec meruit unquā—Nec quod majus est, habuit
Inimicum;
Qui potuit in aulâ vivere, et mundum spernere
Concionator educatus inter principes,
Et ipse facile princeps inter Concionatores,
Evangelista indefessus, Episcopus pientissimus;
Ille qui una cum sacratissimo Rege,
Cujus & juvenilium studiorum, et animæ Deo charæ
Curam a beatissimo Patre demandatam gessit,
Nobile ac Religiosum exilium est passus;
Ille qui Hookeri ingentis Politiam Ecclesiasticam,
Ille qui Caroli Martyris ΕΙΚΟ'ΝΑ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ'Ν,
(Volumen quò post Apocalypsin divinius nullum)
Legavit Orbi sic Latinè redditas,
Ut uterque unius Fidei Defensor,
Patriam adhuc retineat majestatem.
Si nomen ejus necdum tibi suboleat, Lector,
Nomen ejus ut unguenta pretiosa:
JOHANNES EARLE Eboracensis,
Serenissimo Carolo 2do Regij Oratorij Clericus,
Ecclesiæ { aliquando Westmonasteriensis Decanus,
deinde Wigorniensis
tandem Sarisburiensis } Angelus.
et nunc triumphantis
Obiit Oxonij Novemb. 17°. Anno { Domi: 1665to.
Ætatis suæ 65to.
Voluitq. in hoc, ubi olim floruerat, Collegio,
Ex Æde Christi huc in Socium ascitus,
Ver magnum, ut reflorescat, expectare."

No. II.

CHARACTERS OF BISHOP EARLE.

——" He was a person very notable for his elegance in the Greek and Latin tongues; and being fellow of Merton college in Oxford, and having been proctor of the university, and some very witty and sharp discourses being published in print without his consent, though known to be his, he grew suddenly into a very general esteem with all men; being a man of great piety and devotion; a most eloquent and powerful preacher; and of a conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent, and so very facetious, that no man's company was more desired, and more loved. No man was more negligent in his dress, and habit, and mein; no man more wary and cultivated in his behaviour and discourse; insomuch as he had the greater advantage when he was known, by promising so little before he was known. He was an excellent poet both in Latin, Greek, and English, as appears by many pieces yet abroad; though he suppressed many more himself, especially of English, incomparably good, out of an austerity to those sallies of his youth. He was very

dear to the Lord Falkland, with whom he spent as much time as he could make his own; and as that lord would impute the speedy progress he made in the Greek tongue to the information and assistance he had from Mr. Earles, so Mr. Earles would frequently profess that he had got more useful learning by his conversation at Tew (the Lord Falkland's house,) than he had at Oxford. In the first settling of the prince his family, he was made one of his chaplains, and attended on him when he was forced to leave the kingdom. He was amongst the few excellent men who never had, nor ever could have, an enemy, but such a one who was an enemy to all learning and virtue, and therefore would never make himself known."

Lord Clarendon. *Account of his own Life,* folio, Oxford, 1759, p. 26.

———" This is that Dr. Earle, who from his youth (I had almost said from his childhood,) for his natural and acquired abilities was so very eminent in the university of Oxon; and after was chosen to be one of the first chaplains to his Majesty (when Prince of Wales): who knew not how to desert his master, but with duty and loyalty (suitable to the rest of his many great virtues, both moral and intellectual,) faithfully attended his Majesty both at home and abroad, as chaplain, and clerk of his majesty's closet, and upon his majesty's happy return, was made Dean of Westminster, and now

Lord Bishop of Worcester, (for which, December 7, he did homage to his Majesty,) having this high and rare felicity by his excellent and spotless conversation, to have lived so many years in the court of England, so near his Majesty, and yet not given the least offence to any man alive; though both in and out of pulpit he used all Christian freedom against the vanities of this age, being honoured and admired by all who have either known, heard, or read him."

White Kennett (Bishop of Peterborough) *Register and Chronicle Ecclesiastical and Civil*, folio, London, 1728, page 834.

———" Dr. Earle, now Lord Bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say, (and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now live and yet know him not,) that, since Mr. Hooker died, none have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper: so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself, and our venerable Richard Hooker."

Walton. *Life of Mr. Richard Hooker*, 8vo. Oxford, 1805, i. 327.

—— " This Dr. Earles, lately Lord Bishop of Salis-

bury.—A person certainly of the sweetest, most obliging nature that lived in our age."

HUGH CRESSEY. *Epistle Apologetical to a Person of Honour* (Lord Clarendon), 8vo. 1674, page 46.

———" Dr. Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, was a man that could do good against evil; forgive much, and of a charitable heart."

PIERCE. *Conformist's Plea for Nonconformity*, 4to. 1681. page 174.

No. III.

LIST OF DR. EARLE'S WORKS.

1. *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World discovered, in Essays and Characters. London.* 1628. &c. &c. 12mo.
2. *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity,* translated into Latin. This, says Wood, " is in MS. and not yet printed." In whose possession theMS. was does not appear, nor have I been able to trace it in the catalogue of any public or private collection.
3. *Hortus Mertonensis,* a Latin Poem, of which Wood gives the first line " Hortus deliciæ domus politæ." It is now supposed to be lost.
4. *Lines on the Death of Sir John Burroughs;* now printed for the first time. See Appendix, No. IV.
5. *Lines on the Death of the Earl of Pembroke;* now printed for the first time. See Appendix, No. V.
6. *Elegy upon Francis Beaumont;* first printed at the end of *Beaumont's Poems, London,* 1640. 4to. See Appendix, No. VI.
7. Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ, *vel Imago Regis Caroli, In illis suis Ærumnis et Solitudine. Hagæ-Comitis.* Typis S. B. &c. 1649. 12mo. See Appendix, No. VII.*

* Besides the pieces above noticed, several smaller poems

were undoubtedly in circulation during Earle's life, the titles of which are not preserved. Wood supposes (*Ath. Oxon.*) our author to have contributed to "*some of the Figures, of which about ten were published,*" but is ignorant of the exact numbers to be attributed to his pen. In the Bodleian * is "*The Figure of Forre: Wherein are sweet flowers, gathered out of that fruitfull ground, that I hope will yeeld pleasure and profit to all sorts of people. The second Part, London, Printed for Iohn Wright, and are to bee sold at his shop without Newgate, at the signe of the Bible,* 1636." This, however, was undoubtedly one of Breton's productions, as his initials are affixed to the preface. It is in 12mo. and consists of twenty pages, not numbered. The following extracts will be sufficient to shew the nature of the volume.

"There are foure persons not to be believed: a horse-courser when he sweares, a whore when shee weepes, a lawyer when he pleads false, and a traveller when he tels wonders.

"There are foure great cyphers in the world: hee that is lame among dancers, dumbe among lawyers, dull among schollers, and rude amongst courtiers.

"Foure things grievously empty: a head without braines, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money."

Ant. Wood possessed the *figure of six*, which, however, is now not to be found among his books left to the university of Oxford, and deposited in Ashmole's museum. That it once was there, is evident from the MS. catalogue of that curious collection.

* 8vo. L. 78. Art.

No. IV.

LINES ON SIR JOHN BURROUGHS,

KILLED BY A BULLET AT REEZ*.

[*From a MS. in the Bodleian.*]—(*Rawl. Poet.* 142.)

Why did we thus expose thee? what's now all
That island to requite thy funeral?
Though thousand French in murder'd heaps do lie,
It may revenge, it cannot satisfy:
We must bewail our conquest when we see
Our price too dear to buy a victory.
He whose brave fire gave heat to all the rest,
That dealt his spirit in t' each English breast,
From whose divided virtues you may take
So many captains out, and fully make

* For an account of the unsuccessful expedition to the Isle of Ré, under the command of the Duke of Buckingham, see Carte's *History of England*, vol. iv. page 176, folio, *Lond.* 1755. Sir John Burroughs, a general of considerable renown, who possessed the chief confidence of the Duke, fell in an endeavour to reconnoitre the works of the enemy, Aug. 1627.

Them each accomplish'd with those parts, the which,
Jointly, did his well-furnish'd soul enrich.
Not rashly valiant, nor yet fearful wise,
His flame had counsel, and his fury, eyes.
Not struck in courage at the drum's proud beat,
Or made fierce only by the trumpet's heat—
When e'en pale hearts above their pitch do fly,
And, for a while do mad it valiantly.
His rage was temper'd well, no fear could daunt
His reason, his cold blood was valiant.
Alas! these vulgar praises injure thee;
Which now a poet would as plenteously
Give some brag-soldier, one that knew no more
Than the fine scabbard and the scarf he wore.
Fathers shall tell their children [this] was he,
(And they hereafter to posterity,)
Rank'd with those forces scourged France of old,
Burrough's and Talbot's * names together told.

J. Earles.

* Sir John Talbot, first earl of Shrewsbury, of whom see Collins' *Peerage*, iii. 9. Holinshed, Rapin, Carte, &c.

No. V.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE*.

[*From the same MS.*]

Come, Pembroke lives! Oh! do not fright our ears
With the destroying truth! first raise our fears
And say he is not well: that will suffice
To force a river from the public eyes,
Or, if he must be dead, oh! let the news
Speak in astonish'd whispers: let it use
Some phrase without a voice, and be so told,
As if the labouring sense griev'd to unfold
Its doubtfull woe. Could not the public zeal
Conquer the Fates, and save your's? Did the dart
Of death, without a preface, pierce your heart?
Welcome, sad weeds—but he that mourns for thee,
Must bring an eye that can weep elegy.

* William, third Earl of Pembroke, son of Henry, Earl of Pembroke, and Mary, sister to Sir Philip Sidney, was the elder brother of Earle's patron, and Chancellor of Oxford. He died at Baynard's castle, April 10, 1630.

A look that would save blacks: whose heavy grace
Chides mirth, and bears a funeral in his face.
Whose sighs are with such feeling sorrows blown,
That all the air he draws returns a groan.
Thou needst no gilded tomb—thy memory,
Is marble to itself—the bravery
Of jem or rich enamel is mis-spent—
Thy noble corpse is its own monument!

Mr. Earles, Merton.

No. VI.

ON MR. BEAUMONT.

WRITTEN THIRTY YEARS SINCE, PRESENTLY AFTER HIS DEATH.

[*From "Comedies and Tragedies written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gentlemen," folio. London.* 1647.]

Beaumont lies here: And where now shall we have
A muse like his to sigh upon his grave?
Ah! none to weep this with a worthy tear,
But he that cannot, *Beaumont* that lies here.
Who now shall pay thy tomb with such a verse
As thou that lady's didst, fair *Rutland*'s herse.
A monument that will then lasting be,
When all her marble is more dust than she.
In thee all's lost: a sudden dearth and want
Hath seiz'd on wit, good epitaphs are scant.
We dare not write thy elegy, whilst each fears
He ne'er shall match that copy of thy tears.
Scarce in an age a poet, and yet he
Scarce live the third part of his age to see,
But quickly taken off and only known,
Is in a minute shut as soon as shown.

Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
In such a piece, to dash it straight again?
Why should she take such work beyond her skill,
Which, when she cannot perfect, she must kill?
Alas! what is't to temper slime and mire?
But Nature's puzzled when she works in fire.
Great brains (like brightest glass) crack straight, while those
Of stone or wood hold out, and fear not blows;
And we their ancient hoary heads can see
Whose wit was never their mortality.
Beaumont dies young, so *Sidney* did before,
There was not poetry he could live to more,
He could not grow up higher, I scarce know
If th' art itself unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee that hadst arriv'd the height
Of all that wit could reach, or nature might.
O when I read those excellent things of thine,
Such strength, such sweetness couched in ev'ry line,
Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,
Nought of the vulgar wit or borrow'd strain,
Such passion, such expressions meet my eye,
Such wit untainted with obscenity,
And these so unaffectedly exprest,
All in a language purely flowing drest,
And all so born within thyself, thine own,
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon:
I grieve not now that old *Menander*'s vein
Is ruin'd to survive in thee again;

Such, in his time, was he of the same piece,
The smooth, even, nat'ral wit and love of Greece.
Those few sententious fragments shew more worth,
Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth;
And I am sorry we have lost those hours
On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,
And dwell not more on thee, whose ev'ry page
May be a pattern for their scene and stage.
I will not yield thy works so mean a praise;
More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are plays:
Nor with that dull supineness to be read,
To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.
How do the Muses suffer every where,
Taken in such mouth's censure, in such ears,
That 'twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearse,
And with their rheume together spaul a verse?
This all a poem's leisure after play,
Drink, or tobacco, it may keep the day:
Whilst ev'n their very idleness they think
Is lost in these, that lose their time in drink.
Pity then dull we, we that better know,
Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.
Why should not *Beaumont* in the morning please,
As well as *Plautus, Aristophanes?*
Who, if my pen may as my thoughts be free,
Were scurril wits and buffoons both to thee;
Yet these our learned of severest brow
Will deign to look on, and to note them too,
That will defy our own, 'tis English stuff,
And th' author is not rotten long enough.

Alas! what phlegm are they compar'd to thee,
In thy *Philaster*, and *Maid's-Tragedy?*
Where's such a humour as thy *Bessus?* pray
Let them put all their *Thrasocs* in one play,
He shall out-bid them; their conceit was poor,
All in a circle of a bawd or whore;
A coz'ning dance; take the fool away
And not a good jest extant in a play.
Yet these are wits, because they'r old, and now
Being Greek and Latin, they are learning too:
But those their own times were content t' allow
A thirsty fame, and thine is lowest now.
But thou shalt live, and, when thy name is grown
Six ages older, shall be better known,
When th' art of *Chaucer*'s standing in the tomb,
Thou shalt not share, but take up all his room.

JOHN EARLE.

No. VII.

DEDICATION TO THE LATIN TRANSLATION

OF THE

Εικων Βασιλικη.

"Serenissimo et Potentissimo Monarchæ, Carolo Secundo, Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Regi, Fidei Defensori, &c.

Serenissime Rex,

Prodeat jam sub tuis auspiciis illa patris tui gloriosissimi imago, illa quâ magis ad Dei similitudinem, quàm quâ Rex aut homo accedit. Prodeat vero eo colore peregrino, quo facta omnibus conspectior fiat publica. Ita enim tu voluisti, ut sic lingua omnium communi orbi traderem, in qua utinam feliciorem tibi operam navare licuisset, ut illam nativam elegantiam, illam vim verborum et lumina, illam admirabilem sermonis structuram exprimerem. Quod cum fieri (fortasse nec a peritissimis) à me certè non possit, præstat interim ut cum ali-

qua venustatis injuria magnam partem Europæ alloquatur, quam intra paucos suæ gentis clausa apud cæteros omnes conticescat. Sunt enim hic velut quædam Dei magnalia quæ spargi expedit humano generi, et in omnium linguis exaudiri: id pro mea facultate curavi, ut si non sensa tanti authoris ornatè, at perspicuè et fidè traderem, imo nec ab ipsa dictione et phrasi (quantum Latini idiomatis ratio permittit) vel minimum recederem. Sacri enim codicis religiosum esse decet interpretem: et certe proxime ab illo sacro et adorando codice, (qui in has comparationes non cadit,) spera non me audacem futurum, si dixero nullum inter cæteros mortalium, vel autore vel argumento illustriorem, vel in quo viva magis pietas et eximie Christiana spiratur.

Habet vero sanctitas regia nescio quid ex fortunæ suæ majestate sublimius quiddam et augustius, et quæ imperium magis obtinet in mentes hominum, et reverentia majore accipitur: quare et his maxime instrumentis usus est Deus, qui illam partem sacræ paginæ ad solennem Dei cultum pertinentem, psalmos scilicet, et hymnos: cæteraque ejusmodi perpetuis ecclesiæ usibus inservitura, transmitterent hominibus, et auctoritatem quandam conciliarent. Quid quod libentius etiam arripiunt homines sic objectam et traditam pietatem. Quod et libro huic evenit, et erit magis eventurum, quo jam multo diffusior plures sui capaces invenerit.

Magnum erat profecto sic meditari, sic scribere; multo majus sic vivere, sic mori: ut sit hæc pene nimia dictu pietas exemplo illius superata. Scit hæc illa orbis pars miserrima jam et contaminatissima. Utinam

hanc maturius intellexissent virtutem, quam jam sero laudant, et admirantur amissam, nec illâ opus fuisset dirâ fornace, quâ tam eximia regis pietas exploraretur, ex qua nos tantum miseri facti sumus, ille omnium felicissimus; cujus illa pars vitæ novissima et ærumnosissima et supremus dies, (in quo hominibus, et angelis spectaculum factus stetit animo excelso et interrito, summum fidei, constantiæ, patientiæ exemplar, superior malis suis, et totâ simul conjestâ inferni malitiâ) omnes omnium triumphos et quicquid est humanæ gloriæ, susuperavit. Nihil egistis O quot estis, hominum! (sed nolo libro sanctissimo quicquam tetrius præfari, nec quos ille inter preces nominat, maledicere) nihil, inquam, egistis hoc parricidio, nisi quod famam illius et immortalitatem cum æterno vestro probro et scelere conjunxistis. Nemo unquam ab orbe condito tot veris omnium lacrymis, tot sinceris laudibus celebratus est. Nulli unquam principum in secundis agenti illos fictos plausus vel metus dedit, vel adulatio vendidit, quàm hic verissimos expressere fuga, carcer, theatrum et illa omnium funestissima securis, qua obstupe, fecit hostes moriens et cæsus triumphavit.

Tu interim (Rex augustissime) vera et viva patris effigies, (cujus inter summas erat felicitates humanas, et in adversis solatium te genuisse, in quo superstite mori non potest) inflammeris maxime hoc mortis illius exemplo, non tam in vindictæ cupidinem, (in quem alii te extimulent, non ego) quam in heroicæ virtutis, et constantiæ zelum: hanc vero primum adeas quam nulla vis tibi invito eripiet, hæreditariam pietatem; et quo es in

tuos omnes affectu maxime philostorgo, hunc librum eodem tecum genitore satum amplectere; dic sapientiæ, soror mea es, et prudentiam affinem voca; hanc tu consule, hanc frequens meditare, hanc imbibe penitus, et in animam tuam transfunde. Vides in te omnium conjectos oculos, in te omnium bonorum spes sitas, ex te omnium vitas pendere, quas jamdiu multi tædio projecissent, nisi ut essent quas tibi impenderent. Magnum onus incumbit, magna urget procella, magna expectatio, major omnium, quam quæ unquam superius, virtutum necessitas: an sit regnum amplius in Britannia futurum, an religio, an homines, an Deus, ex tua virtute, tua fortuna dependet: immo, sola potius ex Deo fortuna; cujus opem quo magis hic necessariam agnoscis, præsentaneam requiris, eo magis magisque, (quod jam facis) omni pietatis officio promerearis: et illa quæ in te largè sparsit bonitatis, prudentiæ, temperantiæ, justitiæ, et omnis regiæ virtutis semina foveas, augeas, et in fructum matures, ut tibi Deus placatus et propitius, quod detraxit patri tuo felicitatis humanæ, tibi adjiciat, et omnes illius ærumnas conduplicatis in te beneficiis compenset, et appelleris ille restaurator, quem te unicé optant omnes et sperant futurum, et ardentissimis precibus expetit

Majestatis tuæ humillimus devotissimusque subditus et sacellanus,

Jo. Earles.

No. VIII.

INSCRIPTION ON DR. PETER HEYLIN'S* MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

[*Written by Dr. Earle, then Dean of Westminster.*]

Depositum Mortale
Petri Heylyn, S. Th. D.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Prebendarii et Subdecani,

* Peter Heylin was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, Nov. 29, 1599, and received the rudiments of his education at the free school in that place, from whence he removed to Hart-hall, and afterwards obtained a fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford. By the interposition of Bishop Laud, to whom he was recommended by Lord Danvers, he was presented first to the rectory of Hemingford, in Huntingdonshire, then to a prebend of Westminster, and lastly to the rectory of Houghton in the Spring, in the diocese of Durham, which latter he exchanged for Alresford, in Hampshire. In 1633 he proceeded D. D. and in 1638, became rector of South Warnborough, Hampshire, by exchange with Mr. Atkinson, of St. John's College, for Islip, in Oxfordshire. In 1640 he was chosen clerk of the convocation for Westminster, and in 1642 followed the king to Oxford. After the death of Charles, he

Viri plane memorabilis,
Egregiis dotibus instructissimi,
Ingenio acri et fœcundo,
Judicio subacto,
Memoria ad prodigium tenaci,
Cui adjunxit incredibilem in studiis patientiam,
Quæ cessantibus oculis non cessarunt.
Scripsit varia et plurima,
Quæ jam manibus hominum teruntur;
Et argumentis non vulgaribus
Stylo non vulgari suffecit.
Et Majestatis Regiæ assertor
Nec florentis magis utriusque
Quàm afflictæ,
Idemque perduellium et scismaticæ factionis
Impugnator acerrimus.
Contemptor invidiæ

lost all his property, and removing with his family from place to place, subsisted by the exercise of his pen till the Restoration, when he regained his livings, and was made sub-dean of Westminster. His constancy and exertions were supposed by many to merit a higher reward, from a government, in whose defence he had sacrificed every prospect; but the warmth of his temper, and his violence in dispute, were such as rendered his promotion to a higher dignity in the church impolitic in the opinion of the ministers. He died May 8, 1662, and was interred in Westminster-abbey, under his own stall. A list of his numerous publications, as well as a character of him, may be found in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, ii. 275.

Et animo infracto
Plura ejusmodi meditanti
Mors indixit silentium:
Ut sileatur
Efficere non potest.
Obiit Anno Ætatis 63, et 8 die Maii, A. D. 1662.
Possuit hoc illi mæstissima conjux.

No. IX.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN DR. EARLE AND MR. BAXTER.

[*See Kennett's Register, folio, Lond.* 1723, *page* 713.]

MR. BAXTER TO DR. EARLE.

" REVEREND SIR,

" By the great favour of my lord chancellor's reprehension, I came to understand how long a time I have suffered in my reputation with my superiors by your misunderstanding me, and misinforming others; as if when I was to preach before the king, I had scornfully refused the tippet as a toy; when, as the Searcher and Judge of Hearts doth know, that I had no such thought or word. I was so ignorant in those matters as to think that a tippet had been a proper ensign of a doctor of divinity, and I verily thought that you offered it me as such: and I had so much pride as to be somewhat ashamed when you offered it me, that I must tell you my want of such degrees; and therefore gave you no answer to your first offer, but to your second was forced to say, " It belongeth not to me, Sir." And I said not to you any more; nor had any other thought in my heart than with some shame to tell you that I had no

degrees, imagining I should have offended others, and made myself the laughter or scorn of many, if I should have used that which did not belong to me. For I must profess that I had no more scruple to wear a tippet than a gown, or any comely garment. Sir, though this be one of the smallest of all the mistakes which of late have turned to my wrong, and I must confess that my ignorance gave you the occasion, and I am far from imputing it to any ill will in you, having frequently heard, that in charity, and gentleness, and peaceableness of mind you are very eminent; yet because I must not contemn my estimation with my superiors, I humbly crave that favour and justice of you, (which I am confident you will readily grant me,) as to acquaint those with the truth of this business, whom, upon mistake, you have misinformed, whereby in relieving the innocence of your brother, you will do a work of charity and justice, and therefore not displeasing unto God, and will much oblige,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

RICHARD BAXTER.

June 20, 1662.

P. S. I have the more need of your justice in this case, because my distance denieth me access to those that have received these misreports, and because any public vindication of myself, whatever is said of me, is taken as an unsufferable crime, and therefore I am ut-

terly incapable of vindicating my innocency, or remedying their mistakes.

"To the reverend and much honoured Dr. Earles, Dean of Westminster, &c. These."

DR. EARLE, IN REPLY.

Hampton-Court, June 23.

"Sir,

"I received your letter, which I would have answered sooner, if the messenger that brought it had returned. I must confess I was a little surprized with the beginning of it, as I was with your name; but when I read further I ceased to be so. Sir, I should be heartily sorry and ashamed to be guilty of any thing like malignity or uncharitableness, especially to one of your condition, with whom, though I concur not perhaps in point of judgment in some particulars, yet I cannot but esteem for your personal worth and abilities; and, indeed, your expressions in your letter are so civil and ingenuous, that I am obliged thereby the more to give you all the satisfaction I can.

O that they were all such.—*Note by Mr. Baxter.*

As I remember, then, when you came to me to the closet, and I told you I would furnish you with a tippet, you answered me something to that purpose as you write, but whether the same numerical words, or but once, I cannot possibly say from my own memory, and therefore I believe yours. Only this I am sure of, that

I said to you at my second speaking, that some others of your persuasion had not scrupled at it, which might suppose (if you had not affirmed the contrary), that you had made me a formal refusal; of which giving me then no other reason than that "it belonged not to you," I concluded that you were more scrupulous than others were. And, perhaps, the manner of your refusing it (as it appeared to me) might make me think you were not very well pleased with the motion. And this it is likely I might say, either to my lord chancellor or others; though seriously I do not remember that I spake to my lord chancellor at all concerning it. But, sir, since you give me now that modest reason for it, (which, by the way, is no just reason in itself, for a tippet may be worn without a degree, though a hood cannot; and it is no shame at all to want these formalities for him that wanteth not the substance,) but, sir, I say, since you give that reason for your refusal, I believe you, and shall correct that mistake in myself, and endeavour to rectify it in others, if any, upon this occasion, have misunderstood you. In the mean time I shall desire your charitable opinion of myself, which I shall be willing to deserve upon any opportunity that is offered me to do you service, being, sir,

These words I heard not, being in the passage from him.—Note by Mr. Baxter.

Your very humble servant,

Jo. Earles."

"To my honoured friend, Mr. Richard Baxter, These."

No. X.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

IN STREGLETHORP CHURCH, NEAR NEWARK-UPON-TRENT, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

[From Le Neve's *Monumenta Anglicana**. 8vo. Lond. 1718. vol. iii. p. 182.]

STAY, reader, and observe Death's partial doom,
A spreading virtue in a narrow tombe;
A generous mind, mingled with common dust,
Like burnish'd steel, cover'd, and left to rust.
Dark in the earth he lyes, in whom did shine
All the divided merits of his line.
The lustre of his name seems faded here,
No fairer star in all that fruitfull sphere.
In piety and parts extreamly bright,
Clear was his youth, and fill'd with growing light,

* Two other epitaphs appear in this collection, on the Earles of Norfolk, with whom I cannot find our author to have had the least connection. A full account of this family may be seen in Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, vol. iii. p. 531.

A morn that promis'd much, yet saw no noon;
None ever rose so fast, and set so soon.
All lines of worth were centered here in one,
Yet see, he lies in shades whose life had none.—
But while the mother this sad structure rears,
A double dissolution there appears—
He into dust dissolves, she into tears.

RICHARDUS EARLE *, Barntus.
Obijt decimo tertio die
Augti Anno Dom. 1697.
Ætatis suæ 24.

* The title was created by Charles the First, July 2, 1629, and, I believe, became extinct at the decease of this person.

No. XI.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF BOOKS OF CHARACTERS.

No. i.

A Caueat
for commen Cvr
setors vvlgarely called
Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman.
Esquier. for the vtiliteand proffyt of hys
naturall Countrey. Newly ogmented
and Imprinted Anno Domini.
M.D.LXVjj.

¶ *Vewed, examined, and allowed, according vnto the*
Queenes Maiestyes Iniunctions

[Roughly-executed wood-cut, of two persons receiving punishment at the cart's tail from the hands of a beadle.]

Imprinted
at London in Fletestret at the signe of the
Faulcon by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be
solde at his shoppe in Saynt Dunstones
Churche yarde in the West.

[4to. black letter, containing thirty folios, very incorrectly numbered.]

I commence my list of *Characters*, with a volume, which, although earlier than the period I originally intended to begin from, is of sufficient curiosity and interest to warrant introduction, and, I trust, to obtain pardon from the reader for the additional trouble I am thus preparing for him.

Mr. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*,(iv. 74.) has given, with some trifling errors, a transcript of the title, and says he has a faint remembrance of a Collection of Epigrams, by the author, printed about 1599: these I have never been fortunate enough to meet with, nor do they appear in the collections of Ames or Herbert, neither of whom had seen a copy of the present work, although they mention Griffith's licence to print it as dated in 1566*.

It is dedicated to Elizabeth, countess of Shrewsbury; Mr. Warton thinks "with singular impropriety," although the motive appears at least to justify the measure, if it does not entitle the author to commendation. He addresses this noble lady as a person of extreme benevolence, and "as also aboundautly powrynge out dayly [her] ardent and bountifull charytie vppon all such as commeth for reliefe."—"I thought it good," he continues, "necessary, and my bounden dutye, to acquaynte your goodnes with the abhominable, wycked, and detestable behauor of all these rowsey, ragged rabblement of rake helles, that vnder the pretence of great

* In the epistle to the reader, the author terms it "this *second* impression."

misery, dyseases, and other innumerable calamites whiche they fayne through great hipocrisye, do wyn and gayne great almes in all places where they wyly wander."—On this account, therefore, and to preserve the kindness and liberality of the countess from imposition, Harman dedicates his book to that lady.

The notorious characters mentioned, are a "ruffler*; a upright man†; a hoker or angglear‡; a roge§; a wylde

* A *ruffler* seems to have been a bully as well as a beggar, he is thus described in the *Fraternitye of Vacabondes;* (see p. 256.) "A ruffeler goeth wyth a weapon to seeke seruice, saying he hath bene a seruitor in the wars, and beggeth for his reliefe. But his chiefest trade is to robbe poore wayfaring men and market-women." In *New Custome* a morality, 1573, Creweltie, one of the characters, is termed *a ruffler*. See also Decker's *Belman of London*. Sign. C. iv.

† "An *upright man* is one that goeth wyth the trunchion of a staffe, which staffe they cal a Flitchmā. This man is of so much authority, that meeting with any of his profession, he may cal them to accompt, and comaund a share or snap vnto himselfe of al that they have gained by their trade in one moneth." *Fraternitye of Vacabondes.*

‡ This worthy character approaches somewhat near to a shop-lifter. Decker tells us that "their apparele in which they walke is commonly freize jerkins and gallye slops." *Belman.* Sign. C. iv.

§ A rogue, says Burton, in his MS. notes to Decker's *Belman of London*, "is not so stoute and [hardy] as the vpright man."

roge *; a prygger of prauncers; a pallyarde †; a frater ‡; a Abraham man §; a fresh water mariner, or whipiacke; a counterfet cranke ||; a dommerar ¶; a dronken tinckar **; a swadder or pedler; a jarke man, and a patrico ††; a demaunder for glymmar ‡‡; a bawdy basket §§;

* A person whose parents were rogues.

† "These be called also *clapperdogens*," and "go with patched clokes." Sign. C. iv.

‡ A *Frater* and a *Whipiacke*, are persons who travel with a counterfeite license, the latter in the dress of a sailor. See *Fraternitye, Belman*, &c.

§ "An *Abraham-man* is he that walketh bare-armed, and bare-legged, and fayneth hymselfe mad, and caryeth a packe of wool, or a stycke with baken on it, or such lyke toy, and nameth himselfe Poore Tom." *Fraternitye of Vacabondes.*

|| A person who asks charity, and feigns sickness and disease.

¶ One who pretends to be dumb. In Harman's time they were chiefly Welsh-men.

** An artificer who mends one hole, and makes twenty.

†† A *jarke man* can read and write, and sometimes understands a little Latin. A *patrico* solemnizes their marriages.

‡‡ These are commonly women who ask assistance, feigning that they have lost their property by fire.

§§ A woman who cohabits with an *upright man*, and professes to sell thread, &c.

a antem morte*; a walking morte; a doxe; a dell; a kynchin morte; and a kynchen co."

From such a list, several instances of the tricks, as well as specimens of the language of the thieves of the day, might with ease be extracted, did not the limits of my little volume compel me to refrain from entering at large into this history of rogues; a restriction I the more regret, from its containing several passages illustrating the manners of that period, and which would be found of material use towards explaining many of the allusions met with in our early English dramas, and now but imperfectly understood.

"¶ A Prygger of Prauncers. (Sign. C. iii. b.)

"A prigger of Prauncers be horse stealers, for to prigge signifieth in their language to steale, and a prauncer is a horse, so beinge put together, the matter is plaine. These go commonly in jerkins of leather or of white frese, & carry little wandes in their hands, and will walke through grounds and pasturs, to search and se horses mete for their purpose. And if thei chaunce to be met and asked by the owners of the grounde what they make there, they fayne straighte that they have loste theyr waye, and desyre to be enstructed the beste

* "These *antem mortes* be maried wemen, as there be but a fewe: for *antem*, in their language is a churche—" &c. *Harman.* Sign. E. iv. A *walking morte* is one unmarried: a *doxe*, a *dell*, and a *kynchin morte*, are all females; and a *kynchen co* is a young boy not thoroughly instructed in the art of *canting* and *prigging*.

way to suche a place. These will also repayre to gentlemens houses, and aske theyr charitye, and will offer theyr seruice. And if you aske them what they can doe, they wil saye that they can kepe two or three geldinges, and waite vppon a gentleman. These haue also theyr women that, walkinge from them in other places, marke where and what they see abrode, and sheweth these priggars therof, when they meete, whych is wythin a weeke or two. And loke, where they steale any thynge, they conuey the same at the leaste three score miles of, or more. There was a gentleman, a verye friende of myne, rydynge from London homewarde into Kente, hauinge within three myles of his house busynesse, alyghted of his horse, and hys man also, in a pretye village, where diuers houses were, and looked about hym where he myghte haue a conuenyent person to walke his horse, because he would speak w^e a farmer that dwelte on the backe side of the sayde village, little aboue a quarter of a myle from the place where he lighted, and had his man to waight vpon hym, as it was mete for his callynge: espieng a priggar there standing, thinkinge the same to dwel there, charging this prity prigginge person to walke his horse well, and that they might not stande still for takynge of colde, and at his returne (which he saide should not be longe,) he would geue him a peny to drinke, and so wente about his busines. Thys peltinge priggar, proude of his praye, walketh hys horses vp and downe, till he sawe the gentleman out of sighte, and leapes him into the saddell, and awaye he goeth a mayne. This gentleman

returning, and findyng not his horses, sente his man to the one ende of the village, & he went himselfe vnto the other ende, and enquired as he went for hys horses that were walked, and began somewhat to suspecte, because neither he nor his man coulde neyther see nor fynde him. Then this gentleman diligently enquired of three or foure towne dwellers there whether any such person, declaring his stature, age, apparel, and so manye lina-mentes of his body as he coulde call to remembraunce. And *vna voce*, all sayde that no such man dwelte in their streate, neither in the parish that they knewe of, but some did wel remember that suche a one they sawe there lyrkinge and huggeringe * two houres before the gentleman came thether and a straunger to them. J had thought, quoth this gentleman, he had here dwelled, and marched home mannerly in his botes: farre from the place he dwelt not. J suppose at his comming home he sente such wayes as he suspected or thought mete to search for this prigger, but hetherto he neuer harde any tidinges againe of his palfreys. J had the best gelding stolen out of my pasture that J had amogst others, while this boke was first a printing."

At the end of the several characters, the author gives a list of the names of the most notorious thieves of his day, a collection of the cant phrases used by them, with

* In Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, the word *dinascoso* is explained "secretly, hiddenly, in *hugger-mugger*." See also Reed's *Shakspeare*, xviii. 284. *Old Plays*, 1780. viii. 48.

their significations; and a dialogue between an *uprighte man* and a *roge*, which I shall transcribe:—

"The vpright Cofe canteth to the Roger.

The vprighte man spaketh to the roge.

Man. Bene lyghtmans to thy quarromes in what lipke hast thou lipped in this darkemanes; whether in a lybbege or in the strummell?

God morrowe to thy bodye, in what house hast thou lyne in all night whether in a bed, or in the strawe?

Roge. J couched a hogeshed in a skypper this darkemans.

I laye me down to sleepe in a barne this night

Man. J towre ye strummell tryne vpon thy nabcher & togman.

I see the straw hange vpon thy cap and coate.

Roge. J saye by the Salomon J wyll lage it of with a gage of bene house then cut to my nose watch.

J sweare by the masse J wyll wash it of with a quart of drinke, then saye to me what thou wilt.

Man. Why, hast thou any lowre in thy bouge to bouse?

Why, hast thou any money in thy purse to drinke?

Roge. But a flagge, a wyn, and a make.

But a grot, a penny, and a halfe-penny.

Man. Why where is the kene that hath the bene bouse?

Where is the house that hath the good drinke?

Roge. A bene mort hereby at the signe of the prauncer.

A good wyfe here by at the signe of the hors.

Man. J cutt it is quyer buose J bousd a flagge the laste darkemans.

J saye it is small and naughtye drynke, J dranke a groate there the last night.

Roge. But bouse there a bord, and thou shalt haue beneshipe.

But drinke there a shyllinge, and thou shalt haue very good.

Tower ye, yander is the kene, dup the gygger, and maund that is beneshype.

Se you, yonder is the house, open the doore, and aske for the best.

Man. This bouse is as benshyp as rome bouse.

This drinke is as good as wyne.

Now J tower that bene bouse makes nase nabes.

Now J se that good drynke makes a dronken heade.

Maunde of this morte what bene pecke is in her ken.

Aske of this wyfe what good meate shee hath in her house.

Roge. She hath a cacling chete, a grunting chete, ruff pecke, cassan, and popplarr of yarum.

She hath a hen, a pyg, baken, chese, and mylke porrage.

Man. That is beneshyp to oure watche.

That is very good for vs.

Now we haue well bousd, let vs strike some chete.

Nowe we haue well dronke, let vs steale some thinge.

Yonder dwelleth a quyere cuffen it were beneshype to myll hym.

Yonder dwelleth a hoggeshe and choyrlyshe man it weare very well donne to robbe him.

Rogue. Nowe, bynge we a waste to the hygh pad, the ruffmanes is by.

Naye, let vs go hence to the hygh waye, the wodes is at hande.

Man. So may we happen on the harmanes and cly the jarke, or to the quyer ken and skower quyaer cramp-rings and so to tryning on the chates.

So we maye chaunce to set in the stockes, eyther be whypped, eyther had to prison-house, and there be shackeled with bolttes and fetters, and then to hange on the gallowes.

[*Rogue.*] Gerry gan the ruffian clye thee.

A corde in thy mouth, the deuyll take thee.

Man. What! stowe you bene cofe and cut benar whydds; and byng we to some vyle to nyp a bong, so shall we haue lowre for the bousing ken and when we byng back to the deuseauyel, we wyll fylche some duddes of the ruffemans, or myll the ken for a lagge of dudes.

What! holde your peace, good fellowe, and speake better wordes; and go we to London to cut a purse, then shal we haue money for the ale-house, and when we come backe agayne into the countrey, we wyll steale some lynnen clothes of one hedges, or robbe some house for a bucke of clothes."

I have been induced, from the curiosity and rarity of this tract, to extend my account of it farther, perhaps, than many of my readers may think reasonable, and shall, therefore, only add a specimen of Harman's poetry, with which the original terminates.

" ☞ Thus *J* conclude my bolde beggar's booke,
That all estates most playnely maye see;
As in a glasse well pollyshed to looke,
Their double demeaner in eche degree;
Their lyues, their language, their names as they be;
That with this warning their myndes may be warmed
To amende their mysdeedes, and so lyue vnharmed."

Another tract of the same description is noticed in Herbert's Ames (p. 885.) as printed so early as in 1565. A copy of the second edition in the Bodleian Library, possesses the following title :—" *The Fraternitye of Vacabondes. As wel of ruflyng Vacabondes, as of beggerly, of women as of men, of gyrles as of boyes, with their proper names and qualities. With a description of the crafty company of Cousoners and Shifters. Whereunto also is adioyned the* xxv *orders of Knaues, otherwyse called a Quartern of Knaues. Confirmed for euer by Cocke Lorell*, &c. Imprinted at London by Iohn Awdeley, dwellyng in little Britayne strecte without Aldersgate.* 1575." This, although much shorter than Harman's, contains nearly the same characters, and is therefore thus briefly dismissed. An account of it, drawn up by the editor of the present volume, may be found in Brydges' *British Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 12.

* Herbert notices *Cock Lorelles Bote*, which he describes to be a satire in verse, in which the author enumerates all the most common trades and callings then in being. It was printed, in black letter, Wynken de Worde, 4to. without date. *History of Printing*, ii. 224, and Percy's *Reliques*, i. 137, edit. 1794.

It may not be amiss to notice in this place, that a considerable part of *The Belman of London, bringing to light the most notorious villanies that are now practised in the kingdom, &c.* 4to. 1608, is derived from Harman's *Caveat*. Among the books bequeathed to the Bodleian, by Burton, (4to. G. 8. Art. BS.) is a copy of the *Belman*, with the several passages so borrowed, marked in the hand-writing of the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, who has also copied the *canting dialogue* just given, and added several notes of his own on the margin.

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ii. *Picture of a Puritane*, 8*vo.* 1605. [Dr. Farmer's *Sale Catalogue*, page 153, No. 3709.]

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iii. "*A Wife novv the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overbvrye. Being a most exquisite and singular Poem of the Choice of a Wife. Wherevnto are added many witty Characters, and conceited Newes, written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen his friends.*

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori,
Cælo musa beat. Hor. Car. lib. 3.

London Printed for Lawrence Lisle, and are to bee sold at his shop in Paule's Church-yard, at the signe of the Tiger's head. 1614."*

[4to. pp. 64, not numbered.]

* In 1614 appeared *The Husband*, a *Poeme*, expressed in a compleat man. See *Censura Literaria*, v. 365. John Da-

Of Sir Thomas Overbury's life, and unhappy end, we have so full an account in the *Biographia*, and the various historical productions, treating of the period in which he lived, that nothing further will be expected in this place. His *Wife* and *Characters* were printed, says Wood, several times during his life, and the edition above noticed, was supposed, by the Oxford biographer, to be the fourth or fifth *. Having never seen a copy of the early editions, I am unable to fix on any character undoubtedly the production of Overbury, and the printer confesses some of them were written by "other learned gentlemen." These were greatly encreased in subsequent impressions, that of 1614 having only twenty-one characters, and that in 1622 containing no less than eighty.

vies, of Hereford, wrote *A Select Second Hvsband for Sir Thomas Overbvries Wife, now a matchlesse widow.* 8vo. Lond. 1616. And in 1673 was published, *The Illustrious Wife, viz. That excellent Poem, Sir Thomas Overbvrie's Wife, illustrated by Giles Oldisworth, Nephew to the same Sir T. O.*

* It was most probably the fifth, as Mr. Capel, who has printed the *Wife*, in his very curious volume, entitled *Prolusions*, 8vo. Lond. 1760, notices two copies in 1614, one in 8vo. which I suppose to be the third, and one in 4to. stated in the title to be the fourth edition: the sixth was in the following year, 1615; the seventh, eighth, and ninth were in 1616, the eleventh in 1622, twelfth in 1627, thirteenth 1628, fourteenth, 1630, fifteenth, 1632, sixteenth, 1638, and Mr. Brand possessed a copy, the specific edition of which I am unable to state, printed in 1655. *Catalogue*, No. 4927.

A COURTIER,—(*Sign. C. 4. b.*)

To all men's thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the sences; but his surest marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about princes. Hee smells; and putteth away much of his judgement about the scituation of his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sunne, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronuntiation than his words. Occasion is his Cupid, and hee hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee followes nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is newes, and his censure like a shot depends vpon the charging. Hee is not, if he be out of court, but, fish-like, breathes destruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but he mooues by the vpper spheres, and is the reflexion of higher substances. If you finde him not heere, you shall in Paules with a pick-tooth in his hat, a cape cloke, and a long stocking.

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iv. "*Satyrical Essayes, Characters, and others, or accurate and quick Descriptions, fitted to the life of their Subiects.* τῶν ἠθῶν δὴ φυλαττέσθαι μάλλον δεῖ ἢ τοὺς ἐχεις. Theophras.

Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis,
Jude vaporata Lector mihi ferucat aure. IUUEN.
Plagosus minime Plagiarius.

John Stephens. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, and are to be sold by Roger Barnes, at his Shop in St. Dunstane's Church-yard. 1615."

[8vo. pp. 321. title, preface, &c. 14 more.]

In a subsequent impression of this volume, 8vo. in the same year, and with a fresh title page, dated 1631 *, we find the author to be " John Stephens the younger, of Lincoln's Inn :" no other particulars of him appear to exist at present, excepting that he was the author of a play entitled, *Cinthia's Revenge ; or, Mœnander's Extasie.* Lond. for Barnes, 1613, 4to. " which," says Langbaine, " is one of the longest plays I ever read, and withal the most tedious." Ben Jonson addressed some lines † to

* Coxeter, in his MSS. notes to Gildon's *Lives of the Eng. Dram. Poets*, in the Bodleian, says that the second edition was in 8vo. 1613, " *Essays and Characters, Ironical and Instructive,*" but this must be a mistake.

† " Who takes thy volume to his vertuous hand,
Must be intended still to vnderstand :
Who bluntly doth but looke vpon the same,
May aske, *what author would conceale his name ?*
Who reads may roaue, and call the passage darke,
Yet may, as blind men, sometimes hit the marke.

the author, whom he calls "his much and worthily esteemed friend," as did F. C, G. Rogers, and Thomas Danet.

Stephens dedicates his book to Thomas Turner, Esq. For the sake of a little variety I give one of his "three satyricall Essayes on Cowardlinesse," which are written in verse.

ESSAY I.

"Feare to resist good virtue's common foe,
And feare to loose some lucre, which doth grow
By a continued practise; makes our fate
Banish (with single combates) all the hate,
Which broad abuses challenge of our spleene.
For who in Vertue's troope was euer seene,
That did couragiously with mischiefes fight,
Without the publicke name of hipocrite?
Vaine-glorious, malapert, precise, deuout,
Be tearmes which threaten those that go about
To stand in opposition of our times
With true defiance, or satyricke rimes.
Cowards they be, branded among the worst,
Who (through contempt of Atheisme), neuer durst
Crowd neere a great man's elbow to suggest
Smooth tales with glosse, or Enuy well addrest.

Who reads, who roaues, who hopes to vnderstand,
May take thy volume to his vertuous hand.
Who cannot reade, but onely doth desire
To vnderstand, hee may at length admire,

B. I."

These be the noted cowards of our age;
Who be not able to instruct the stage
With matter of new shamelesse impudence:
Who cannot almost laugh at innocence;
And purchase high preferment by the waies,
Which had bene horrible in Nero's dayes.
They are the shamefull cowards, who contemne
Vices of state, or cannot flatter them;
Who can refuse advantage, or deny
Villanous courses, if they can espye
Some little purchase to inrich their chest
Though they become vncomfortably blest.
We still account those cowards, who forbeare
(Being possess'd with a religious feare)
To slip occasion, when they might erect
Hornes on a tradesman's noddle, or neglect
The violation of a virgin's bed
With promise to requite her maiden-head.
Basely low-minded we esteeme that man
Who cannot swagger well, or (if he can)
Who doth not with implacable desire,
Follow revenge with a consuming fire.
Extortious rascals, when they are alone,
Bethinke how closely they have pick'd each bone,
Nay, with a frolicke humour, they will brag,
How blancke they left their empty client's bag.
Which dealings if they did not giue delight,
Or not refresh their meetings in despight,
They would accounted be both weake, vnwise,
And, like a timorous coward, too precise.

Your handsome-bodied youth (whose comely face
May challenge all the store of Nature's grace,)
If, when a lustfull lady doth inuite,
By some lasciuious trickes his deere delight,
If then he doth abhorre such wanton ioy;
Whose is not almost ready to destroy
Ciuility with curses, when he heares
The tale recited? blaming much his years,
Or modest weaknesse, and with cheeks ful-blown
Each man will wish the case had beene his own.
Graue holy men, whose habite will imply
Nothing but honest zeale, or sanctity,
Nay so vprighteous will their actions seeme,
As you their thoughts religion will esteeme.
Yet these all-sacred men, who daily giue
Such vowes, wold think themselves vnfit to liue,
If they were artlesse in the flattering vice,
Euen as it were a daily sacrifice:
Children deceiue their parents with expence:
Charity layes aside her conscience,
And lookes vpon the fraile commodity
Of monstrous bargaines with a couetous eye:
And now the name of *generosity*,
Of *noble cariage* or *braue dignity*,
Keepe such a common skirmish in our bloud,
As we direct the measure of things good,
By that, which reputation of estate,
Glory of rumor, or the present rate
Of sauing pollicy doth best admit.
We do employ materials of wit,

Knowledge, occasion, labour, dignity,
Among our spirits of audacity,
Nor in our gainefull proiects do we care
For what is pious, but for what we dare.
Good humble men, who haue sincerely layd
Saluation for their hope, we call *afraid.*
But if you will vouchsafe a patient eare,
You shall perceiue, men impious haue most feare."

The second edition possesses the following title—"*New Essayes and Characters, with a new Satyre in defence of the Common Law, and Lawyers: mixt with reproofe against their Enemy Ignoramus*, &c. *London*, 1631." It seems not improbable that some person had attacked Stephens's first edition, although I am unable to discover the publication alluded to. I suspect him to be the editor of, or one of the contributors to, the later copies of Sir Thomas Overbury's *Wife*, &c.: since one of Stephens's friends, (a Mr. I. Cocke) in a poetical address prefixed to his *New Essayes*, says "I am heere enforced to claime 3 characters following the Wife*; viz. the *Tinker*, the *Apparatour*, and *Almanack-maker*, that I may signify the ridiculous and bold dealing of an vnknowne botcher: but I neede make no question what he is; for his hackney similitudes discouer him to be the rayler above-mentioned, whosoeuer that rayler be."

* These were added to the sixth edition of the *Wife*, in 1615.

v. *Caracters upon Essaies, morall and diuine, written for those good spirits that will take them in good part, and make use of them to good purpose. London: Printed by Edw. Griffin far John Guillim, and are to be sold at his shop in Britaines Burse.* 1615. 12mo.

[Censura Literaria, v. 51. Monthly Mirror, xi. 16.]

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vi. *The Good and the Badde, or Descriptions of the Worthies and Vnworthies of this Age. Where the Best may see their Graces, and the Worst discerne their Basenesse. London, Printed by George Purslowe for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at the great South-dore of Paules, and at Brittaines Bursse.* 1616.

[4to. containing pp. 40, title, dedication "to Sir Gilbert Houghton, Knight," and preface six more. A second edition appeared in 1643, under the title of *England's Selected Characters*, &c.]

The author of these characters * was Nicholas Breton, who dedicates them to Sir Gilbert Houghton, of

* These are a king; a queen; a prince; a privy-counsellor; a noble man; a bishop; a judge; a knight; a gentleman; a lawyer; a soldier; a physician; a merchant (their good and bad characters); a good man, and an atheist or most bad man; a wise man and a fool; an honest man and a knave; an usurer; a beggar; a virgin and a wanton woman; a quiet

Houghton, Knight. Of Breton no particulars are now known, excepting what may be gained from an epitaph in Norton church, Northamptonshire *, by which we learn that he was the son of Captain Breton, of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, and served himself in the Low Countries, under the command of the Earl of Leicester. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Legh, or Leigh, of Rushell, Staffordshire, by whom he had five sons and four daughters, and having purchasedthe manor of Norton, died there June 22, 1624 †.

Breton appears to have been a poet of considerable reputation among his contemporaries, as he is noticed with commendation by Puttenhem and Meres: Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges declares that his poetical powers were distinguished by a simplicity, at once easy and elegant. Specimens of his productions in verse, may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, Ellis's *Specimens*, Cooper's *Muses' Library*, *Censura Literaria;* and an imperfect list

woman; an unquiet woman; a good wife; an effeminate fool; a parasite; a bawd; a drunkard; a coward; an honest poor man; a just man; a repentant sinner; a reprobate; an old man; a young man, and a holy man.

* It is by no means certain that this may not be intended to perpetuate the memory of some other person of the same names, although Mr. Gough, in a note to the second volume of *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, seems to think it belongs to our author.

† Bridges' *Northamptonshire*, vol. ii. page 78, s. Shaw's *Staffordshire*, vol. i. page 422.

of his publications is given by Ritson, in the *Bibliógrâphia Poetica*, which is augmented by Mr. Park, in the *Cens. Lit.* ix. 163 *.

A WORTHIE PRIUIE COUNCELLER.

A worthy priuie counceller is the pillar of a realme, in whose wisedome and care, vnderGod and the king, stands the safety of a kingdome; he is the watch-towre to giue warning of the enemy, and a hand of prouision for the preseruation of the state: hee is an oracle in the king's eare, and a sword in the king's hand, an euen weight in

* To these lists of Breton's productions may be added, 1. *A Solemne Passion of the Soule's Loue.* 4to. *Lond.* 1593. 2. *The Mother's Blessing*, 4to. *Lond.* 1602. 3. *A Trve Description of vnthankfulnesse; or an enemie to Ingratitude.* 4to. *Lond.* 1602. 4. *Breton's Longing*, 4to. title lost in the Bodleian copy: prefixed are verses by H. T. gent. 5. *A Poste with a packet of Mad Letters*, 4to. 1633, dedicated by Nicholas Breton, to Maximilian Dallison of Hawlin, Kent. The last tract excepted, all the above are in a volume bequeathed by Bishop Tanner to the university of Oxford, which contains many of the pieces noticed by Ritson, and, in addition, *The Passion of a discontented Minde.* 4to. *Lond.* 1602, which I should have no hesitation in placing to Breton. At the end of the volume are *The Passions of the Spirit*, and *Excellent Vercis worthey imitation of euery Christian in thier Conuersiation*, both in manuscript, and, if we may judge from the style, evidently by the author before-mentioned. For the *Figures*, in the composition of which he had certainly a share, see page 224.

the ballance of justice, and a light of grace in the loue of truth: he is an eye of care in the course of lawe, a heart of loue in the seruice of his soueraigne, a mind of honour in the order of his seruice, and a braine of inuention for the good of the common-wealth; his place is powerful, while his seruice is faithfull, and his honour due in the desert of his employment. In summe, he is as a fixed planet mong the starres of the firmament, which through the clouds in the ayre, shewes the nature of his light.

AN VNWORTHIE COUNCELLER.

An vnworthie counceller is the hurt of a king, and the danger of a state, when the weaknes of judgement may commit an error, or the lacke of care may give way to vnhappinesse: he is a wicked charme in the king's eare, a sword of terror in the aduice of tyranny: his power is perillous in the partiality of will, and his heart full of hollownesse in the protestation of loue: hypocrisie is the couer of his counterfaite religion, and traiterous inuẽtion is the agent of his ambition: he is the cloud of darknesse, that threatneth foule weather, and if it growe to a storme, it is feareful where it falls: hee is an enemy to God in the hate of grace, and worthie of death in disloyalty to his soueraigne. In summe, he is an vnfit person for the place of a counceller, and an vnworthy subject to looke a king in the face.

AN EFFEMINATE FOOL.

An effeminate foole is the figure of a baby: he loues nothing but gay, to look in a glasse, to keepe among wenches, and to play with trifles; to feed on sweet meats, and to be daunced in laps, to be imbraced in armes, and to be kissed on the cheeke: to talke idlely, to looke demurely, to goe nicely, and to laugh continually: to be his mistresse' servant, and her mayd's master, his father's love, and his mother's none-child: to play on a fiddle, and sing a loue-song, to weare sweet gloues, and look on fine things: to make purposes and write verses, deuise riddles, and tell lies: to follow plaies, and study daunces, to heare newes, and buy trifles: to sigh for loue, and weepe for kindnesse, and mourne for company, and bee sicke for fashion: to ride in a coach, and gallop a hackney, to watch all night, and sleepe out the morning: to lie on a bed, and take tobacco, and to send his page of an idle message to his mistresse; to go vpon gigges, to haue his ruffes set in print, to picke his teeth, and play with a puppet. In summe, hee is a man-childe, and a woman's man, a gaze of folly, and wisedome's griefe *.

* I am not aware that the following specimen of his versification, which is curious, has been reprinted.

" THE CHESSE PLAY."

Very aptly deuised by N. B. Gent.

[From " *The Phœnix Nest. Built vp with the most rare and refined workes of Noble men, woorthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and braue Schollers,*" &c. " *Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman.*" *4to. London, by Iohn Iackson, 1593, page 28.*]

A secret many yeeres vnscene,
In play at chesse, who knowes the game,
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rooke, and so by name,
Of euerie Pawne I will descrie,
The nature with the qualitie.

THE KING.

The King himselfe is haughtie care,
Which ouerlooketh all his men,
And when he seeth how they fare
He steps among them now and then,
Whom, when his foe presumes to checke,
His seruants stand, to giue the necke.

THE QUEENE.

The Queene is queint, and quicke conceit,
Which makes hir walke which way she list,
And rootes them vp, that lie in wait
To worke hir treason, ere she wist:
Hir force is such against hir foes
That whom she meetes, she ouerthrowes.

THE KNIGHT.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
Against his prince's enimies,
He neuer makes his walke outright,
But leaps and skips, in wilie wise,
To take by sleight a traitrous foe,
Might slilie seeke their ouerthrowe.

THE BISHOP.

The Bishop he is wittie braine,
That chooseth crossest pathes to pace,
And euermore he pries with paine,
To see who seekes him most disgrace:
Such straglers when he findes astraie
He takes them vp, and throwes awaie.

THE ROOKES.

The Rookes are reason on both sides,
Which keepe the corner houses still,
And warily stand to watch their tides,
By secret art to worke their will,
To take sometime a theefe vnseene,
Might mischiefe meane to King or Queene.

THE PAWNES.

The Pawne before the King, is peace,
Which he desires to keepe at home,
Practise, the Queene's, which doth not cease
Amid the world abroad to roame,
To finde, and fall vpon each foe,
Whereas his mistres meanes to goe.

Before the Knight, is perill plast,
Which he, by skipping ouergoes,
And yet that Pawne can worke a cast,
To ouerthrow his greatest foes;
The Bishop's prudence, prieug still
Which way to worke his master's will.

The Rooke's poore Pawnes, are sillie swaines,
Which seeldome serue, except by hap,
And yet those Pawnes, can lay their traines,
To catch a great man, in a trap:
So that I see, sometime a groome
May not be spared from his roome.

THE NATURE OF THE CHESSE MEN.

The King is stately, looking hie;
The Queene doth beare like maiestie:
The Knight is hardie, valiant, wise:
The Bishop prudent and precise.
The Rookes no raungers out of raie *,
The Pawnes the pages in the plaie.

LENVOY.

Then rule with care, and quicke conceit,
And fight with knowledge, as with force;
So beare a braine, to dash deceit,
And worke with reason and remorse.
Forgive a fault when young men plaie,
So giue a mate, and go your way.

* *Raie*, for *array*; order, rank. So Spencer.
"And all the damzels of that towne in *ray*,
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:"
Faerie Queene, book v. canto xi. 34.

And when you plaie beware of checke,
Know how to saue and giue a necke:
And with a checke beware of mate;
But cheefe, ware had I wist too late:
Loose not the Queene, for ten to one,
If she be lost, the game is gone."

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vii. *Essayes and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners. Written by G. M. of Grayes'-Inne, Gent.* (Woodcut of a keeper standing with the hatch of a prison open, in his left hand a staff, the following lines at the side;

" Those that keepe mee, I keepe; if can, will still:
Hee's a true Iaylor strips the Diuell in ill.")

Printed at London for Mathew Walbancke and are to be solde at his shops at the new and old Gate of Grayes-Inne. 1618.

[4to. pp. 48. title, dedication, &c. eight more.]

A second edition appeared in 1638, and, as the title informs us, " with some new additions:" what these were I am not able to state, as my copy, although it appears perfect, contains precisely the same with that of 1618.

Of Geffray Mynshul, as he signs his name to the dedication, I can learn no particulars, but I have reason to suppose him descended from an ancient and highly

respectable family, residing at Minshull, in the county of Chester*, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. By what mishap he became an inmate of the King's-bench prison, from when he dates† his *Essayes*, it is impossible to conjecture, but as he talks of usury and extortion, as well as of severe creditors; and advises those who are compelled to borrow, to pay as soon as they can, we may suppose that imprudence and extravagance assisted in reducing him to the situation he attempts to describe.

In the dedication to his uncle, "Mr. Matthew Mainwaring‡, of Namptwich, in Cheshire," he says:—"Since my comming into this prison, what with the strangenesse of the place, and strictnesse of my liberty, I am so transported that I could not follow that study wherein I tooke great delight and cheife pleasure, and to spend my time idley would but adde more discon-

* In the church of St. Mary, at Nantwich, in that county, is a monument erected by Geofry Minshull, of Stoke, Esq. to the memory of his ancestors. *Historical Account of Nantwich*, 8vo. 1774, page 33. King, in his *Vale Royal of England*, folio, *Lond.* 1656, page 74, speaks of Minshall-hall, "a very ancient seat, which hath continued the successions of a worshipfull race in its own name"—&c.

† This place of residence was omitted in the second edition.

‡ The Mainwarings were an old family of repute, being mentioned as residing near Nantwich, by Leland, *Itin.* vol. 7. pt. i. fol. 43. See also the list of escheators of Cheshire, in Leycester's *Historical Antiquities*, folio, Lond. 1673, p. 186.

tentments to my troubled brest, and being in this chaos of discontentments, fantasies must arise, which will bring forth the fruits of an idle braine, for *e malis minimum*. It is farre better to giue some accompt of time, though to little purpose, than none at all. To which end I gathered a handfull of essayes, and few characters of such things as by my owne experience I could say *Probatum est*: not that thereby I should either please the reader, or shew exquisitenes of inuention, or curious stile; seeing what I write of is but the child of sorrow, bred by discontentments, and nourisht vp with misfortunes, to whose help melancholly Saturne gaue his iudgement, the night-bird her inuention, and the ominous rauen brought a quill taken from his owne wing, dipt in the inke of misery, as chiefe ayders in this architect of sorrow."

"CHARACTER OF A PRISONER.

A prisoner is an impatient patient, lingring vnder the rough hands of a cruell phisitian: his creditor hauing cast his water knowes his disease, and hath power to cure him, but takes more pleasure to kill him. He is like Tantalus, who hath freedome running by his doore, yet cannot enioy the least benefit thereof. His greatest griefe is that his credit was so good and now no better. His land is drawne within the compasse of a sheepe's skin, and his owne hand the fortification that barres him of entrance: hee is fortunes tossing-bal, an

obiect that would make mirth melancholy: to his friends an abiect, and a subiect of nine dayes' wonder in euery barber's shop, and a mouthfull of pitty (that he had no better fortune) to midwiues and talkatiue gossips; and all the content that this transitory life can giue him seemes but to flout him, in respect the restraint of liberty barres the true vse. To his familiars hee is like a plague, whom they dare scarce come nigh for feare of infection, he is a monument ruined by those which raysed him, he spends the day with a *hei mihi! vę mi-serum!* and the night with a *nullis est medicabilis herbis.*"

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viii. *Cvres for the Itch. Characters. Epigrams. Epitaphs. By H. P. Scalpat qui tangitur. London, Printed for Thomas Iones, at the signe of the Blacke Raucn in the Strand.* 1626. [8vo. containing pp. 142, not numbered.]

I have little doubt but that the initials H. P. may be attributed with justice to *Henry Parrot*, author of *Laquei ridiculosi: or, Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, printed at London in 1613 *, 8vo. and commended by Mr. Warton, who says, that " many of them

* Mr. Steevens quotes an edition in 1606, but the preface expressly states, that they were composed in 1611.—" *Duo propemodum anni elapsi sunt, ex quo primum Epigrammata hæc (qualiacunque) raptim et festinanter perficiebam*"—&c.

are worthy to be revived in modern collections *. To the same person I would also give *The Mastive, or Young Whelpe of the Old Dogge. Epigrams and Satyrs.* Lond. (Date cut off in the Bodleian copy,) 4to.—*The Mouse Trap, consisting of* 100 *Epigrams*, 4to. 1606.—*Epigrams by H. P. 4to.* 1608.—and *The More the Merrier: containing three-score and odde headlesse Epigrams, shot (like the Fooles bolt) amongst you, light where they will,* 4to. 1608 †.

It appears from the Preface to *Cures for the Itch*, that the *Epigrams and Epitaphs* were written in 1624, during the author's residence in the country, at the "*long vacation*," and the *Characters* ‡, which are "not so fully perfected as was meant," were composed "of later times." The following afford as fair a specimen of this part of the volume as can be produced.

"A SCOLD. (B. 5.)

Is a much more heard of, then least desired to bee seene or knowne, she-kinde of serpent; the venom'd sting of whose poysonous tongue, worse then the biting of a scorpion, proues more infectious farre then can be

* *History of English Poetry*, iv. 73.

† *Censura Literaria*, iii. 387, 388.

‡ These consist of a ballad-maker; a tapster; a drunkard; a rectified young man; a young nouice's new yonger wife; a common fidler; a broker; a iouiall good fellow; a humourist; a malepart yong upstart; a scold; a good wife, and a selfe conceited parcell-witty old dotard.

cured. Shee's of all other creatures most vntameablest, and couets more the last word in scoulding, then doth a Combater the last stroke for victorie. She lowdest lifts it standing at her door, bidding, wth exclamation, flat defiance to any one sayes blacke's her eye. She dares appeare before any iustice, nor is least daunted with the sight of counstable, nor at worst threatnings of a cucking-stoole. There's nothing mads or moues her more to outrage, then but the very naming of a wispe, or if you sing or whistle when she is scoulding. If any in the interim chance to come within her reach, twenty to one she scratcheth him by the face; or doe but offer to hold her hands, sheel presently begin to cry out murder. There's nothing pacifies her but a cup of sacke, which taking in full measure of digestion, shee presently forgets all wrongs that's done her, and thereupon falls streight a weeping. Doe but intreat her with faire words, or flatter her, she then confesseth all her imperfections, and layes the gullt vpon the whore her mayd. Her manner is to talke much in her sleepe, what wrongs she hath indured of that rogue her husband, whose hap may be in time to dye a martyr; and so I leaue them."

"A GOOD WIFE,

Is a world of happiness, that brings with it a kingdom in conceit, and makes a perfect adiunct in societie; shee's such a comfort as exceeds content, and proues so precious as canot be paralleld, yea more inestimable then may be valued. Shee's any good man's better second

second selfe, the very mirror of true constant modesty, the carefull huswife of frugalitie, and dearest obiect of man's heart's felicitie. She commands with mildnesse, rules with discretion, liues in repute, and ordereth all things that are good or necessarie. Shee's her husband's solace, her house's ornament, her children's succor, and her seruant's comfort. Shee's (to be briefe) the eye of warinesse, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of loue. Her voice is musicke, her countenance meeknesse; her minde vertuous, and her soule gratious. Shee's a blessing giuen from God to man, a sweet companion in his affliction, and ioynt co-partner upon all occasions. Shee's (to conclude) earth's chiefest paragon, and will bee, when shee dyes, heauen's dearest creature."

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ix. *Characters of Vertves and Vices. In two Bookes. By Ios. Hall. Imprinted at London*, 1627.

The above is copied from a separate title in the collected works of Bishop Hall, printed in folio, and dedicated to James the First. The book, I believe, originally appeared in 8vo. 1608*. Of this edition I have in vain endeavoured to procure some information, although I cannot fancy it to be of any peculiar rarity.

* See Brand's *Sale Catalogue*, 8vo. 1807, page 115, No. 3147.

The volume contains a dedication to Edward Lord Denny, and James Lord Hay, a premonition of the title and use of characters, the proemes, eleven virtuous characters, and fifteen of a different discription. As Bishop Hall's collected works have so lately appeared in a new edition, and as Mr. Pratt * proposes to add a life of the author in a subsequent volume, I shall forbear giving any specimen from the works or biographical notices of this amiable prelate, recommending the perusal of his excellent productions, to all who admire the combination of sound sense with unaffected devotion.

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x. *Micrologia. Characters, or Essayes, of Persons, Trades, and Places, offered to the City and Country. By R. M. Printed at London by T. C. for Michael Sparke, dwelling at the blue Bible, in Greene Arbor.* 1629. [8vo. containing 56 pages, not numbered.]

The characters in this volume are " A fantasticke taylor; a player; a shooe-maker; a rope-maker; a smith; a tobacconist; a cunning woman; a cobler; a tooth-drawer; a tinker; a fidler; a cunning horse-courser; Bethlem; Ludgate; Bridewell; (and) Newgate."—

* See the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1810, LXXXI. 317.

"A PLAYER.—(*Sign.* B. iii.)

Is a volume of various conceits or epitome of time, who by his representation and appearance makes things long past seeme present. He is much like the compters in arithmeticke, and may stand one while for a king, another while a begger, many times as a mute or cypher. Sometimes hee represents that which in his life he scarse practises—to be an honest man. To the point, hee oft personates a rover, and therein comes neerest to himselfe. If his action prefigure passion, he raues, rages, and protests much by his painted heauens, and seemes in the heighth of this fit ready to pull Ioue out of the garret, where pershance hee lies leaning on his elbowes, or is imployed to make squips and crackers to grace the play. His audience are often-times iudicious, but his chiefe admirers are commonly young wanton chamber-maids, who are so taken with his posture and gay clothes, they neuer come to be their owne women after. Hee exasperates men's enormities in publike view, and tels them their faults on the stage, not as being sorry for them, but rather wishes still hee might finde more occasions to worke on. He is the generall corrupter of spirits, yet vntainted, inducing them by gradation to much lasciuious deprauity. He is a perspicuity of vanity in variety, and suggests youth to perpetrate such vices, as otherwise they had haply nere heard of. He is (for the most part) a notable hypocrite, seeming what he is not, and is indeed what hee seemes not. And if hee lose one of his fellow stroules, in the

summer he turnes king of the gipsies: if not, some great man's protection is a sufficient warrant for his peregrination, and a meanes to procure him the town-hall, where hee may long exercise his qualities, with clown-claps of great admiration, in a tone sutable to the large eares of his illiterate auditorie. Hee is one seldome takes care for old age, because ill diet and disorder, together with a consumption, or some worse disease, taken vp in his full careere, haue onely chalked out his catastrophe but to a colon: and he scarsely suruiues to his naturall period of dayes."

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xi. *Whimzies: Or, A new Cast of Characters. Nova, non nota delectant. London, Printed by F. K. and are to be sold by Ambrose Rithirdon, at the signe of the Bull's-head, in Paul's Church-yard.* 1631.

[12mo. containing in all, pp. 280.]

The dedication to this volume, which is inscribed to sir *Alexander Radcliffe*, is signed "*Clitus—Alexandrinus*;" the author's real name I am unable to discover. It contains twenty-four characters *, besides "*A cater-*

* An almanack-maker; a ballad-monger; a corranto-coiner; a decoy; an exchange man; a forrester; a gamester; an hospitall-man; a iayler; a keeper; a launderer; a metall man; a neuter; an ostler; a post-master: a quest-man; a ruffian; a sailor: a trauller; an vnder sheriffe; a wine-soaker; a Xantippean; a yealous neighbour; a zealous brother.

*character, throwne out of a base by an experienced gamester**," and some lines "vpon the birth-day of his sonne Iohn," of which the first will be sufficient to satisfy all curiosity.

"God blesse thee, Iohn,
And make thee such an one
That I may ioy
in calling thee my son.
Thou art my ninth,
and by it I divine
That thou shalt live
to love the Muses nine."—&c. &c.

"A CORRANTO-COINER—(p. 15.)

Is a state newes-monger; and his owne genius is his intelligencer. His mint goes weekely, and he coines monie by it. Howsoeuer, the more intelligent merchants doe jeere him, the vulgar doe admire him, holding his novels oracular: and these are usually sent for tokens or intermissiue curtsies betwixt city and countrey. Hee holds most constantly one forme or method of discourse. He retaines some militarie words of art, which hee shootes at randome; no matter where they hitt, they cannot wound any. He ever leaves some passages

* This *cater-character*, which possesses a separate title page, contains delineations of an apparator; a painter; a pedler; and a piper.

doubtfull, as if they were some more intimate secrecies of state, clozing his sentence abruptly with—*heereafter you shall heare more.* Which words, I conceive, he onely useth as baites, to make the appetite of the reader more eager in his next week's pursuit for a more satisfying labour. Some generall-erring relations he pickes up, as crummes or fragments, from a frequented ordinarie: of which shreads he shapes a cote to fit any credulous foole that will weare it. You shall never observe him make any reply in places of publike concourse; hee ingenuously acknowledges himselfe to bee more bounden to the happinesse of a retentive memory, than eyther ability of tongue, or pregnancy of conceite. He carryes his table-booke still about with him, but dares not pull it out publikely. Yet no sooner is the table drawne, than he turnes notarie; by which meanes hee recovers the charge of his ordinarie. Paules is his walke in winter; Moorfields * in sommer. Where the whole discipline, designes, projects, and exploits of the States, Netherlands, Poland, Switzer, Crimchan and all, are within the compasse of one quadrangle walke most judiciously

* *Moorfields* were a general promenade for the citizens of London, during the summer months. The ground was left to the city by Mary and Catherine, daughters of sir William Fines, a Knight of Rhodes, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Richard Johnson, a poetaster of the sixteenth century, published in 1607, *The Pleasant Walkes of Moore-fields. Being the Guift of two Sisters, now beautified, to the continuing fame of this worthy Citty.* 4to. black-letter, of which Mr. Gough, (*Brit. Topog.*) who was ignorant of the above, notices an impression in 1617.

and punctually discovered. But long he must not walke, lest hee make his newes-presse stand. Thanks to his good invention, he can collect much out of a very little: no matter though more experienced judgements disprove him; hee is anonymos, and that wil secure him. To make his reports more credible or, (which he and his stationer onely aymes at,) more vendible, in the relation of every occurrent he renders you the day of the moneth; and to approve himselfe a scholler, he annexeth these Latine parcells, or parcell-gilt sentences, *veteri stylo, novo stylo.* Palisados, parapets, counterscarfes, forts, fortresses, rampiers, bulwarks, are his usual dialect. Hee writes as if he would doe some mischiefe, yet the charge of his shot is but paper. Hee will sometimes start in his sleepe, as one affrighted with visions, which I can impute to no other cause but to the terrible skirmishes which he discoursed of in the day-time. He has now tyed himselfe apprentice to the trade of minting, and must weekly performe his taske, or (beside the losse which accrues to himselfe,) he disappoints a number of no small fooles, whose discourse, discipline, and discretion, is drilled from his state-service. These you shall know by their Mondai's morning question, a little before Exchange time; *Stationer, have you any newes?* Which they no sooner purchase than peruse; and, early by next morning, (lest their countrey friend should be deprived of the benefit of so rich a prize,) they freely vent the substance of it, with some illustrations, if their understanding can furnish them that way. He would make you beleeve that hee were

knowne to some forraine intelligence, but I hold him the wisest man that hath the least faith to beleeve him. For his relations he stands resolute, whether they become approved, or evinced for untruths; which if they bee, hee has contracted with his face never to blush for the matter. Hee holds especiall concurrence with two philosophicall sects, though hee bee ignorant of the tenets of either: in the collection of his observations, he is *peripateticall*, for hee walkes circularly; in the digestion of his relations he is *Stoicall*, and sits regularly. Hee has an alphabeticall table of all the chiefe commanders, generals, leaders, provinciall townes, rivers, ports, creekes, with other fitting materials to furnish his imaginary building. Whisperings, muttrings, and bare suppositions, are sufficient grounds for the authoritie of his relations. It is strange to see with what greedinesse this ayrie Chameleon, being all lungs and winde, will swallow a receite of newes, as if it were physicall: yea, with what frontlesse insinuation he will scrue himselfe into the acquaintance of some knowing *Intelligencers*, who, trying the cask by his hollow sound, do familiarly gull him. I am of opinion, were all his voluminous centuries of fabulous relations compiled, they would vye in number with the Iliads of many forerunning ages. You shall many times finde in his Gazettas, pasquils, and corrantos miserable distractions; here a city taken by force long before it bee besieged; there a countrey laid waste before ever the enemie entered. He many times tortures his readers with impertinencies, yet are these the tolerablest passages through-

put all his discourse. He is the very landskip of our age. He is all ayre; his eare alwayes open to all reports, which, how incredible soever, must passe for currant, and find vent, purposely to get him currant money, and delude the vulgar. Yet our best comfort is, his chymeras live not long; a weeke is the longest in the citie, and after their arrival, little longer in the countrey; which past, they melt like *Butter*, or match a pipe, and so *Burne**. But indeede, most commonly it is the height of their ambition to aspire to the imployment of stopping mustard-pots, or wrapping up pepper, pouder, staves-aker, &c. which done, they expire. Now for his habit, Wapping and Long-lane will give him his character. Hee honours nothing with a more indeered observance, nor hugges ought with more intimacie than antiquitie, which he expresseth even in his cloathes. I have knowne some love fish best that smelled of the panyer; and the like humour reignes in him, for hee loves that apparele best that has a taste of the broker. Some have held him for a scholler, but trust mee such are in a palpable errour, for hee never yet understood so much Latine as to construe *Gallo-Belgicus*. For his librarie (his owne continuations excepted,) it consists of

* This is certainly intended as a pun upon the names of two news-venders or *corranto-coiners* of the day. Nathaniel *Butter*, the publisher of "*The certain Newes of this present Week*," lived at the *Pyde-Bull*, St. Austin's-gate, and was the proprietor of several of the *intelligencers*, from 1622 to about 1640. Nicholas *Bourne* was a joint partner with *Butter* in *The Swedish Intelligencer*, 4to. *Lond.* 1632.

very few or no bookes. He holds himselfe highly engaged to his invention if it can purchase him victuals; for authors hee never converseth with them, unlesse they walke in Paules. For his discourse it is ordinarie, yet hee will make you a terrible repetition of desperate commanders, unheard of exployts; intermixing withall his owne personall service. But this is not in all companies, for his experience hath sufficiently informed him in this principle—that as nothing workes more on the simple than things strange and incredibly rare; so nothing discovers his weaknesse more among the knowing and judicious than to insist, by way of discourse, on reports above conceite. Amongst these, therefore, hee is as mute as a fish. But now imagine his lampe (if he be worth one,) to be neerely burnt out; his inventing genius wearied and surfoote with raunging over so many unknowne regions; and himselfe, wasted with the fruitlesse expence of much paper, resigning his place of weekly collections to another, whom, in hope of some little share, hee has to his stationer recommended, while he lives either poorely respected, or dyes miserably suspended. The rest I end with his owne cloze:—*Next weeke you shall heare more.*"

xii. *Picturæ loquentes: or Pictures drawne forth in Characters. With a Poeme of a Maid. By Wye Saltonstall. Ne sutor ultra crepidam. London: Printed by T. Coles, &c.* 1631. 12*mo.*

I have copied the above title from an article in the *Censura Literaria**, communicated by Mr. Park, of whose copious information, and constant accuracy on every subject connected with English literature, the public have many specimens before them.

Saltonstall's † *Characters*, &c. reached a second edition in 1635. A copy of this rare volume is in the possession of Mr. Douce, who, with his accustomed liberality, permitted my able and excellent friend, Mr. John James Park, to draw up the following account of it for the present volume.

To "The Epistle dedicatory" of this impression, the initials (or such like) of dedicatee's name only are given, for, says the dedicator, "I know no fame can redound unto you by these meane essayes, which were written, *Ocium magis foventes, quam studentes gloriæ,* as sheapheards play upon their oaten pipes, to recreate themselves, not to get credit."

* Vol. 5, p. 372. Mr. Park says that the plan of the characters was undoubtedly derived from that of Overbury, but, he adds, the execution is greatly superior. Four stanzas from the poem entitled, *A Maid*, are printed in the same volume.

† An account of the author may be found in the *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. 1. col. 640.

" To the Reader.—Since the title is the first leafe that cometh under censure, some, perhaps, will dislike the name of pictures, and say, I have no *colour* for it, which I confesse, for these pictures are not drawne in colours, but in characters, representing to the eye of the minde divers severall professions, which, if they appeare more obscure than I coulde wish, yet I would have you know that it is not the nature of a character, to be as smooth as a bull-rush, but to have some fast and loose knots, which the ingenious reader may easily untie. The first picture is the description of a maide, which young men may read, and from thence learn to know, that vertue is the truest beauty. The next follow in their order, being set together in this *little* book, that in winter you may reade them *ad ignem*, by the fire-side, and in summer *ad umbram*, under some shadie tree, and therewith passe away the tedious howres. So hoping of thy favourable censure, knowing that the least judicious are most ready to judge, I expose them to thy view, with Apelles motto, *Ne sutor, ultra crepidam.* Lastly, whether you like them, or leave them, yet the author bids you welcome.

" Thine as mine,

W. S."

The Original Characters are,

1. The world.
2. An old man.
3. A woman.
4. A widdow.
5. A true lover.
6. A countrey bride.
7. A plowman.
8. A melancholy man.

9. A young heire.
10. A scholler in the university.
11. A lawyer's clarke.
12. A townsman in Oxford.
13. An usurer.
14. A wandering rogue.
15. A waterman.
16. A shepheard.
17. A jealous man.
18. A chamberlaine.
19. A mayde.
20. A bayley.
21. A countrey fayre.
22. A countrey alehouse.
23. A horse-race.
24. A farmer's daughter.
25. A keeper.
26. A gentleman's house in the countrey.

The Additions to the second Edition are,

27. A fine dame.
28. A country dame.
29. A gardiner.
30. A captaine.
31. A poore village.
32. A merry man.
33. A scrivener.
34. The tearme.
35. A mower.
36. A happy man.
37. An arrant knave.
38. An old waiting gentlewoman.

" THE TEARME

Is a time when Justice keeps open court for all commers, while her sister Equity strives to mitigate the rigour of her positive sentence. It is called the Tearme, because it does end and terminate busines, or else because it is the *Terminus* ad quem, that is, the end of the countrey man's journey, who comes up to the Tearme, and with his hobnayle shooes grindes the faces of the poore stones, and so returnes againe. It is the soule of the yeare, and makes it quicke, which before was dead.

Inkeepers gape for it as earnestly as shelfish doe for salt water after a low ebbe. It sends forth new bookes into the world, and replenishes Paul's walke with fresh company, where *Quid novi?* is their first salutation, and the weekely newes their chiefe discourse. The tavernes are painted against the tearme, and many a cause is argu'd there and try'd at that barre, where you are adjudg'd to pay the costs and charges, and so dismist with ' welcome gentlemen.' Now the citty puts her best side outward, and a new play at the Blackfryers is attended on with coaches. It keepes watermen from sinking and helpes them with many a fare voyage to Westminster. Your choyse beauties come up to it onely to see and be seene, and to learne the newest fashion, and for some other recreations. Now monie that has beene long sicke and crasie, begins to stirre and walke abroad, especially if some young prodigalls come to towne, who bring more money than wit. Lastly, the tearme is the joy of the citty, a deare friend to countrymen, and is never more welcome than after a long vacation."

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xiii. *London and Country corbonadoed and quartered into seuerall Characters. By Donald Lupton*, 8vo. 1632.

[See British Bibliographer, i. 464; and Brand's Sale Catalogue, page 66, No. 1754.]

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xiv. *Character of a Gentleman*, appended to Brathwait's *English Gentleman*, 4to. *London, by Felix Kyngston, &c.* 1633.

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xv. " *A strange Metamorphosis of Man, transformed into a Wildernesse. Dcciphered in Characters. London, Printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by Lawrence Chapman at his shop in Holborne*, 1634."

[12mo. containing pp. 296, not numbered.]

This curious little volume has been noticed by Mr. Haslewood, in the *Censura Literaria* (vii. 284.) who says, with justice, that a rich vein of humour and amusement runs through it, and that it is the apparent lucubration of a pen able to perform better things. Of the author's name I have been unable to procure the least intelligence.

" THE HORSE (No. 16.)

Is a creature made, as it were, in waxe. When Nature first framed him, she took a secret complacence in her worke. He is even her master-peece in irracionall things, borrowing somewhat of all things to set him forth. For example, his slicke bay coat hee tooke from the chesnut; his necke from the rainbow, which perhaps make him rain so wel. His maine belike he took from *Pegasus*, making him a hobbie to make this a com-

pleat gennet*, which main he weares so curld, much after the women's fashions now adayes;—this I am sure of howsoever, it becomes them, [and] it sets forth our gennet well. His legges he borrowed of the hart, with his swiftnesse, which makes him a true courser indeed. The starres in his forehead hee fetcht from heaven, which will not be much mist, there being so many. The little head he hath, broad breast, fat buttocke, and thicke tayle are properly his owne, for he knew not where to get him better. If you tell him of the hornes he wants to make him most compleat, he scornes the motion, and sets them at his heele. He is well shod especially in the upper leather, for as for his soles, they are much at reparation, and often faine to be removed. Nature seems to have spent an apprentiship of yeares to make you such a one, for it is full seven yeares ere hee comes to this perfection, and be fit for the saddle: for then (as we,) it seemes to come to the yeares of discretion, when he will shew a kinde of rationall judgement with him, and if you set an expert rider on his backe, you shall see how sensiblie they will talke together, as master and scholler. When he shall be no

* Mr. Steevens, in a note to Othello, explains a jennet to be a Spanish horse; but from the passage just given, I confess it appears to me to mean somewhat more. Perhaps a jennet was a horse kept solely for pleasure, whose mane was suffered to grow to a considerable length, and was then ornamented with platting, &c.—A hobby might answer to what we now term a *hogged* poney.

sooner mounted and planted in the seat with the reins in one hand, a switch in the other, and speaking with his spurres in the horse's flankes, a language he wel understands, but he shall prance, curvet, and dance the canaries * halfe an houre together in compasse of a

* *The Canaries* is the name of an old dance, frequently alluded to in our early English plays. Shakspeare uses it in *All's well that ends well*—

——" I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you *dance canary*
With spritely fire and motion;"

Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musick*, iv. 391. says that it occurs in the opera of *Dioclesian*, set to music by Purcell, and explains it to be " a very sprightly movement of two reprises, or strains, with eight bars in each: the time three quarters in a bar, the first pointed." I take this opportunity of mentioning, that among Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian, [*Poet.* 108.] is a volume which contains a variety of figures of old dances, written, as I conjecture, between the years 1566 and 1580. Besides several others are *the pavyan; my Lord of Essex measures; tyntermell; the old allmayne; the longe pavian; quanto dyspayne; the nyne muses*, &c. As the pavian is mentioned by Shakspeare, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and as the directions for dancing the figure have not been before discovered, I shall make no apology for offering them in the present note.

" THE LONGE PAVIAN,

ij singles, a duble forward; ij singles syde, a duble forward; repīnee backe once, ij singles syde, a duble forward, one

bushell, and yet still, as he thinkes, get some ground, shaking the goodly plume on his head with a comely pride. This will our Bucephalus do in the lists: but when hee comes abroad into the fields, hee will play the countrey gentleman as truly, as before the knight in turnament. If the game be up once, and the hounds in chase, you shall see how he will pricke up his eares streight, and tickle at the sport as much as his rider shall, and laugh so loud, that if there be many of them, they will even drowne the rurall harmony of the dogges. When he travels, of all innes he loves best the signe of the silver bell, because likely there he fares best, especially if hee come the first, and get the prize. He carries his eares upright, nor seldome ever lets them fall till they be cropt off, and after that, as in despight, will never weare them more. His taile is so essentiall to him, that if he loose it once hee is no longer an horse, but ever stiled a curtall. To conclude, he is a blade of Vulcan's forging, made for Mars of the best metall, and the post of Fame to carrie her tidings through the world, who, if he knew his own strength, would shrewdly put for the monarchie of our wildernesse."

single backe twyse, ij singles, a duble forward, ij singles syde, prerince backe once; ij singles syde, a duble forward, reprince backe twyse."

xvi. *The true Character of an untrue Bishop: with a Recipe at the end how to recover a Bishop if hee were lost. London, printed in the yeare* 1641 *.

[4to. pp. 10, besides title.]

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xvii. *Character of a Projector, by —— Hogg.* 4to. 1642.

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xviii. *Character of an Oxford Incendiary. Printed for Robert White in* 1643. 4to.

[Reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, V. 469. edit. 1744.]

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xix. *The Reformado precisely charactered (with a frontispiece.)*

[See the Sale Catalogue of George Steevens, Esq. 8vo. Lond. 1800. page 66. No. 1110.]

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xx. " *A new Anatomie, or Character of a Christian or Round-head. Expressing his Description, Excellencie, Happiness and Innocencie. Wherein may appear how far this blind world is mistaken in their unjust Censures of him. Virtus in Arduis. Pro-*

* I have a faint recollection of a single character in a rare volume, entitled " *A Boulster Lecture,*" &c. Lond. 1640.

verbs xii. 26; *and Jude* 10, quoted.) *Imprimatur John Downame. London, Printed for Robert Leybourne, and are to be sold at the Star, under Peter's Church in Corn-hill*, 1645. 8vo. pp. 18.

[In Ashmole's Museum.]

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xxi. In Lord North's *Forest of Varieties, London, Printed by Richard Cotes*, 1645, are several *Characters*, as lord Orford informs us, " in the manner of sir Thomas Overbury." *Royal and Noble Authors*, iii. 82. Of this volume a second edition appeared in 1659, neither of these, however, I have been able to meet with. For some account of the work, with extracts, see Brydges' *Memoirs of the Peers of England*, 8vo. *London*. 1802. page 343.

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xxii. *Characters and Elegies* *. *By Francis Wortley Knight and Baronet. Printed in the yeere* 1646." 4to.

The characters are as follow:

1. The character of his royall majestie; 2. The character of the queene's majestie; 3. The hopeful prince; 4. A true character of the illustrious James Duke of York; 5. The character of a noble general; 6. A true

* The Elegies, according to Wood, are upon the loyalists who lost their lives in the king's service, at the end of which are epitaphs.

English protestant; 7. An antinomian, or anabaptisticall independent; 8. A jesuite; 9. The true character of a northerne lady, as she is wife, mother, and sister; 10. The politique neuter; 11. The citie paragon; 12. A sharking committee-man; 13. Britanicus his pedigree—a fatall prediction of his end; 14. The Phœnix of the Court.

Britanicus his Pedigree—a fatall Prediction of his End.

I dare affirme him a Jew by descent, and of the tribe of Benjamin, lineally descended from the first King of the Jewes, even Saul, or at best he ownes him and his tribe, in most we reade of them. First, of our English tribes, I conceive his father's the lowest, and the meanest of that tribe, stocke, or generation, and the worst, how bad soever they be; melancholy he is, as appeares by his sullen and dogged wit; malicious as Saul to David, as is evident in his writings; he wants but Saul's javelin to cast at him; he as little spares the king's friends with his pen, as Saul did Jonathan his sonne in his reproach; and would be as free of his javelin as his pen, were his power sutable to his will, as Ziba did to Mephibosheth, so does he by the king, he belies him as much to the world, as he his master to David, and in the day of adversitie is as free of his tongue as Shimei was to his soveraigne, and would be as humble as he, and as forward to meet the king as he was David, should the king returne in peace. Abithaes there cannot want to cut off the dog's head, but David

is more mercifull then Shimei can be wicked; may he first consult with the witch of Endor, but not worthy of so noble a death as his own sword, die the death of Achitophel for feare of David, then may he be hang'd up as the sonnes of Saul were against the sunne, or rather as the Amelekites who slew Isbosheth, and brought tidings and the tokens of the treason to David; may his hands and his feet be as sacrifices cut off, and so pay for the treasons of his pen and tongue; may all heads that plot treasons, all tongues that speake them, all pens that write them, be so punisht. If Sheba paid his head for his tongue's fault, what deserves Britannicus to pay for his pen and trumpet? Is there never a wise woman in London? we have Abishaes.

Francis Wortley, was the son of Sir Richard Wortley, of Wortley, in Yorkshire, knight. At the age of seventeen he became a commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford; in 1610 he was knighted, and on the 29th of June in the following year, was created a baronet; being then, as Wood says, esteemed an ingenious gentleman. During the civil wars he assisted the royal cause, by raising a troop of horse in the king's service; but at their conclusion he was taken prisoner, and confined in the tower of London, where it seems he composed the volume just noticed. In the *Catalogue of Compounders* his name appears as " of Carleton, Yorkshire," and from thence we learn that he paid 500*l.* for his remaining property. In the *Athenæ Oxonienses* may be found a list of his works, but I have been unable to trace the date of his decease.

Mr. Granger says that "Anne, his daughter, married the second son of the first Earl of Sandwich, who took the name of Wortley," and adds that the late Countess of Bute was descended from him. *Biographical History*, ii. 310.

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xxiii. *The Times anatomiz'd, in severall Characters. By T. F*[ord, seruant to Mr. Sam. Man*.] *Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Juv. Sat.* 1. *London, Printed for W. L. Anno* 1647."

[12mo. in the British Museum.]

The Contents of the severall Characters.

1. A good king.
2. Rebelion.
3. An honest subject.
4. An hypocritical convert of the times.
5. A souldier of fortune.
6. A discontented person.
7. An ambitious man.
8. The vulgar.
9. Errour.
10. Truth.
11. A selfe-seeker.
12. Pamphlets.
13. An envious man.
14. True valour.
15. Time.
16. A newter.
17. A turn-coat.
18. A moderate man.
19. A corrupt committee-man.
20. A sectary.
21. Warre.
22. Peace.
23. A drunkard.
24. A novice-preacher.

* (MS. interlineation in a copy among the King's pamphlets.)

25. A scandalous preacher. 29. Religion.
26. A grave divine. 30. Death.
27. A selfe-conceited man.

" PAMPHLETS

Are the weekly almanacks, shewing what weather is in the state, which, like the doves of Aleppo, carry news to every part of the kingdom. They are the silent traytors that affront majesty, and abuse all authority, under the colour of an *Imprimatur.* Ubiquitary flies that have of late so blistered the eares of all men, that they cannot endure any solid truth. The ecchoes, whereby what is done in part of the kingdome, is heard all over. They are like the mushromes, sprung up in a night, and dead in a day; and such is the greedinesse of men's natures (in these Athenian dayes) of new, that they will rather feigne then want it."

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xxiv. *Character of a London Diurnal,* 4to. 1647. [This was written by Cleveland, and has been printed in the various editions of his poems.]

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xxv. *Character of an Agitator. Printed in the Yeare* 1647. *4to. pp.* 7.

This concludes with the following epitome—" Hee was begotten of Lilburne, (with Overton's helpe) in

Newgate, nursed up by Cromwell, at first by the army, tutored by Mr. Peters, counselled by Mr. Walwin and Musgarve, patronised by Mr. Martin, (who sometimes sits in counsell with them, though a member) and is like to dye no where but at Tyburne, and that speedily, if hee repent not and reforme his erronious judgement, and his seditious treasonable practises against king, parliament, and martiall discipline itselfe. Finis."

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xxvi. In Mr. Brand's Sale Catalogue, No. 1754, we have *The Surfeit to A. B. C.* 8vo. Lond. 1656, which is there represented to consist of *Characters*.

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xxvii. *Characters of a Temporizer and an Antiquary.* [In "*Naps upon Parnassus,*" 8vo. 1658. See the Censura Literaria, vol. vi. p. 225; vol. vii. p. 341.]

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xxviii. *Satyrical Characters, and handsom Descriptions, in Letters,* 8vo. 1658. [Catalogue of Thomas Britton the Small Coal Man, 4to. p. 19. No. 102.]

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xxix. *A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Noble-man of France. With Re-*

flections upon Gallus Castratus. The third Edition. London. Printed for John Crooke, and are to be sold at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1659.

(12mo. pp. 66, title and preface 20 more.)

This very severe satire upon the English nation was replied to in the following publication,

---

xxx. *A Character of France, to which is added Gallus Castratus, or an Answer to a late slanderous Pamphlet, called the Character of England. Si talia nefanda et facinora quis non Democritus? London, Printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhill,* 1659.

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xxxi. *A perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland. London. Printed for J. S.* 1659.

(12mo. pp. 21. besides the title.)

---

xxxii. *A brief Character of the Low Countries under the States, being Three Weeks Observation of the Vices and Vertues of the Inhabitants. Non seria semper. London, Printed for H. S. and are to be sold by*

H. Lowndes, at the White Lion in St. Paul's Church Yard, neer the little North Door; 1659.

(12mo. pp. 500. title, &c. 6 more.)

Written by Owen Feltham, and appended to the several folio editions of his *Resolves*.

---

xxxiii. *The Character of Italy: Or, The Italian Anatomiz'd by an English Chirurgion. Difficile est Satyram non scribere. London: Printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhil.* 1660.

[12mo. pp. 93, title and preface 12 more.]

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xxxiv. *The Character of Spain: Or, An Epitome of Their Virtues and Vices.*

——*Adeo sunt multa, loquacem*
Ut lassare queant Fabium.

London: Printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhil. 1660.

[12mo. pp. 93, title, &c. 12 more.]

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xxxv. *Essayes and Characters, by L. G.* 8vo. 1661.

[See Brand's *Sale Catalogue*, No. 1754.]

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xxxvi. *The Assembly-man. Written in the Year* 1647. *London: Printed for Richard Marriot, and are to be sold at his shop under St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street,* 1662—8*.

[4to. pp. 22.]

Sir John Birkenhead was the author of this character, which was printed again in 1681, and in 1704 with the following title, "*The Assembly-man. Written in the Year* 1647; *but proves the true character of (Cerberus) the observator,* MDCCIV." It was also reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, v. 93. For an account of the author, see the *Biographia Britannica*, edit. Kippis, ii. 324.

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xxxvii. *Fifty-five* † *Enigmatical Characters, all very exactly drawn to the Life, from several Persons, Humours, Dispositions. Pleasant and full of Delight. By R. F. Esq.; London: Printed for William Crook, at the sign of the Three Bibles on Fleet-bridge.* 1665 ‡."

[8vo. pp. 135, title, index, &c. not numbered, 11 more.]

* With a very curious and rare frontispiece.

† I omit to particularize these characters, as many of the titles are extremely long—"of a lady of excellent conversation. Of one that is the foyle of good conversation." &c. &c.

‡ Mr. Reed possessed a copy, dated in 1658. See his *Catalogue*, No. 2098.

Richard Flecknoe, the author of these characters, is more known from having his name affixed to one of the severest satires ever written by Dryden, than from any excellence of his own as a poet or dramatic writer. Mr. Reed conceives him to have been a jesuit, and Pope terms him an Irish priest. Langbaine says, that "his acquaintance with the nobility was more than with the muses, and he had a greater propensity to rhyming, than a genius to poetry." As a proof of the former assertion the Duke of Newcastle prefixed two copies of verses to his characters, in which he calls Flecknoe "his worthy friend," and says:

"Flecknoe, thy characters are so full of wit
And fancy, as each word is throng'd with it.
Each line's a volume, and who reads would swear
Whole libraries were in each character.
Nor arrows in a quiver stuck, nor yet
Lights in the starry skies are thicker set,
Nor quills upon the armed porcupine,
Than wit and fancy in this work of thine.

W. Newcastle."

To confirm the latter, requires only the perusal of his verses, which were published in 1653, under the title of *Miscellania*. Besides these, he wrote five* dramatic

* Langbaine notices a prologue intended for a play, called *The Physician against his Will*, which he thinks was never published. A MS. note in my copy of the *Dramatic Poets*, says it was printed in 1712.

pieces, the titles of which may be found in the *Biographia Dramatica*; a collection of *Epigrams*, 8vo. 1670; *Ten Years Travels in Europe.—A short Discourse of the English Stage*, affixed to *Love's Dominion*, 8vo. 1654; *The Idea of his Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector, &c.* 8vo. 1659. &c. &c.*

"CHARACTER OF A VALIANT MAN."—(page 61.)

"He is onely a man; your coward and rash being but tame and savage beasts. His courage is still the same, and drink cannot make him more valiant, nor danger lesse. His valour is enough to leaven whole armies, he is an army himself worth an army of other men. His sword is not alwayes out like children's daggers, but he is alwayes last in beginning quarrels, though first in ending them. He holds honour (though delicate as chrystall) yet not so slight and brittle to be broak and crackt with every touch; therefore (though most wary of it,) is not querilous nor punctilious. He is never troubled with passion, as knowing no degree beyond

* The Bodleian library contains "*The Affections of a pious Soule, unto our Saviour-Christ. Expressed in a mixed treatise of verse and prose. By Richard Flecknoe.*" 8vo. 1640. This I can scarcely consent to give to *Mac* Flecknoe, as in the address "To the Town Reader," the author informs us that, "ashamed of the many idle hours he has spent, and to avoid the expence of more, he has retired from the town" —and we are certain that *Mac* resided there long after.

clear courage, and is alwayes valiant, but never furious. He is the more gentle i' th' chamber, more fierce he's in the field, holding boast (the coward's valour,) and cruelty (the beast's,) unworthy a valiant man. He is only coward in this, that he dares not do an unhandsome action. In fine, he can onely be evercome by discourtesie, and has but one deffect—he cannot talk much—to recompence which he dos the more."

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xxxviii. *The Character of a Coffee-house, with the symptoms of a Town-witt. With Allowance. April* 11, 1673. *London, Printed for Jonathan Edwin, at the Three Roses in Ludgate-street,* 1673.

[Folio, reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, with an answer to it, vol. vi. 429—433.]

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xxxix. *Essays of Love and Marriage: Being Letters written by two Gentlemen, one dissuading from Love, the other an Answer thereunto. With some Characters, and other Passages of Wit.*

——— *Si quando gravabere curis,*
Hæc lege, pro moestæ medicamine mentis habeto.

London, Printed for H. Brome, at the Gun in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1673.

[12mo. pp. 103, title, &c. 4 more.]

xl. *The Character of a Fanatick. By a Person of Quality.* *London.* 1675.

[4to. pp. 8. Reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vii. 596.]

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xli. *Character of a Towne Gallant*
of a Towne Miss
of an honest drunken Curr
of a pilfering Taylor
of an Exchange Wench
of a Sollicitor } 1675.
of a Scold
of an ill Husband
of a Dutchman
of a Pawnbroker
of a Tally Man

[4to. See *Sale Catalogue* of George Steevens, Esq. 8vo. *London*, 1800, page 66, No. 1110.]

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xlii. *A Whip for a Jockey: or, a Character of an Horse-courser.* 1677. *London, Printed for R. H.* 1677.

[8vo. pp. 29.]

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xliii. *Four for a Penny, or Poor Robin's Character of an unconscionable Pawnbroker, and Ear-mark of an oppressing Tally-man: with a friendly Description of a Bum-bailey, and his merciless setting cur, or follower. With Allowance. London, Printed for L. C.* 1678.

[4to. reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. iv. p. 141.]

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xliv. *Character of an ugly Woman: or, a Hue and Cry after Beauty,* in prose, written (by the Duke of Buckingham) in 1678. See Lord Orford's *Royal and Noble Authors*, by Park, iii. 309.

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xlv. *Character of a disbanded Courtier. Ingenium Galbæ male habitat.* 1681.

[Folio, pp. 2. Reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, i. 356.]

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xlvi. *Character of a certain ugly old P———. London, Printed in the Year* 1684.

[In Oldham's *Works*, 8vo. London, 1684.]

---

xlvii. *Twelve ingenious Characters: or pleasant Descriptions of the Properties of sundry Persons and Things, viz.*

An importunate dunn; a serjeant or bailiff; a pawnbroker; a prison; a tavern; a scold; a bad husband; a town-fop; a bawd; a fair and happy milk-maid; the quack's directory; a young enamourist.

Licensed, June the 2d, 1681. *R. P. London, printed for S. Norris, and are to be sold by most booksellers,* 1686.

[12mo. pp. 48.]

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xlviii. *Character of a Trimmer. By Sir William Coventry.* 1689.

[4to. See *Bibliotheca Harleiana*, v. 4278.]

This was written long before publication, as is proved by the following

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xlix. *Character of a Tory in* 1659, *in answer to that of a Trimmer (never published) both written in King Charles's reign.*

[Reprinted in the *Works of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.* 4to. Lond. 1721.]

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l. *Characters addressed to Ladies of Age.* 8vo. *Lond.* 1689.

[Brand's *Sale Catalogue*, p. 66, No. 1747.]

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li. *The Ceremony-monger, his Character, in six Chapters, &c. &c. By E. Hickeringill, Rector of the Rectory of All-Saints, in Colchester. London, Printed and are to be sold by George Larkin, at the Two Swans, without Bishopsgate.* 1689.

[4to. pp. 66.]

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lii. *Character of a Jacobite.* 1690.

[4to. See *Bibl. Harl.* v. No. 4279.]

The following are without date, but were probably printed before 1700*.

liii. *Character of an Ill-court-favourite, translated from the French.*

[4to. reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, ii. 50.]

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liv. *Character of an honest and worthy Parliament-Man.*

[Folio, reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, ii. 336.]

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* In Butler's *Remains*, published by Thyer, 2 vols. 8vo. 1759, are several *Characters* by the author of *Hudibras*, and consequently written previously to this date, but as they do not appear to have been printed so early, they cannot, with propriety, be included in this list.

lv. *Characterism, or the Modern Age displayed.*

[Brand's *Sale Catalogue*, No. 1757.]

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lvi. *Character of the Presbyterian Pastors and People of Scotland.*

[*Bibl. Harleiana*, v. No. 4280.]

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lvii. *Character of a compleat Physician or Naturalist* *.

[*Bibl. Harleiana*, v. No. 4304.]

* In the extracts made from the foregoing series of *Characters*, the original orthography has been most scrupulously attended to, in order to assist in shewing the progress and variation of the English language.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 3, line 4. for *ports* read *sports*.

4, line 12. "*table-book*." The custom of writing in table-books, or, as it was then expressed, "in tables," is noticed, and instances given in Reed's *Shakspeare*, vi, 13. xii, 170. xviii, 88. Dr. Farmer adduces a passage very applicable to the text, from Hall's character of the *hypocrite*. "He will ever sit where he may be seene best, and in the midst of the sermon pulles out his *tables* in haste, as if he feared to loose that note," &c. Decker, in his *Guls Hornebooke*, page 8, speaking to his readers, says, "out with your *tables*," &c.

6, note 6.—This is also mentioned in *Whimzies*, 8vo. 1631, p. 57. "Hee must now betake himself to prayer and devotion; *remember the founder, benefactors, head, and members of that famous foundation*: all which he performes with as much zeale as an actor after the end of a play, when hee prayes for his majestie, the lords of his most honourable privie councell, and all that love the king."

Page 14, note 10.—From a subsequent edition, obligingly pointed out to me by the rev. Mr. arch-deacon Nares, I find that this also is a translation: *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni. This booke teachyng all people to gouerne thē in health, is translated out of the Latine tongue into Englishe, by Thomas Paynell, whiche booke is amended, augmented, and diligently imprinted.* 1575. Colophon. ¶ *Imprynted at London, by Wyllyam How, for Abraham Ueale.* The preface says, that it was compiled for the use " of the moste noble and victorious kynge of England, and of Fraunce, by all the doctours in Phisicke of the Uniuersitie of Salerne."

19, line 5, for " *muchi*" read *much in.* Line 8, insert *comma* at the end.

ib. line 9, " *door-posts.*"—It was usual for public officers to have painted or gilded posts at their doors, on which proclamations, and other documents of that description, were placed, in order to be read by the populace. See various allusions to this custom, in Reed's *Shakspeare*, v. 267. *Old Plays*, iii. 303. The *reformation* means that they were, in the language of our modern churchwardens, " repaired and beautified," during the reign of our alderman.

50, line 10, for *Gollobelgicus* read *Gallobelgicus.*

53, line 7. " *post and pair,*" was a game at cards, of which I can give no description. The author

of the *Compleat Gamester* notices it as "very much played in the West of England." See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1780. vii. 296.

Page 54, line 9—"*guarded with more gold lace.*" The word *guarded* is continually used by the writers of the sixteenth century for *fringed* or *adorned*. See Reed's *Shakspeare*, vii. 272. *Old Plays*, iv. 36.

66, line 18, "*clout.*" Shakspeare (*Cymbeline*, act iv. scene 2.) uses the expression of *clouted brogues*, which Mr. Steevens explains to be "shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails."

71, line 2. "*dragon that pursued the woman.*" Evidently an allusion to *Revelations*, xii. 15.

103, note 8, line 2, for *Styla* read *Hyla* in both instances.

ib. note 10, line 5, for *Leiden* read *Leyden*.

111, line 2, for *his* read *is*.

132, line 10, "Their humanity is *a leg to the residencer.*" A *leg* here signifies a *bow*. Decker says, "a jewe neuer weares his cap threedbare with putting it off; neuer bends i' th' hammes with *casting away a leg*, &c." *Guls Hornebooke*. p. 11.

206, note 1, for *spunge* read *sponge*.

234, line 11, for *spera* read *spero*.

235, line 9, for *conjesta* read *congesta*.

ib. line 10, dele *su* at the end of the line.

Page 260, line 2, for *Jude* read *Inde*: for *ferucat* read *ferueat*.

275, line 12, for *whose* read *whose*.

Several errors and inaccuracies of less consequence than those here pointed out, will probably be discovered. These were occasioned by the editor's distance from the press, and he requests the gentle reader to pardon and correct them.

The *Inscription*, No. x. of the *Appendix*, should have been entirely omitted. The following extract from Guillim's *Heraldry*, shews that Bishop Earle could not have been connected with the Streglethorp family, since, if he had, there would have been no occasion for a new grant of armorial bearings.

" He beareth *ermine*, on a chief indented *sable*, three eastern crowns *or*, by the name of *Earles*. This coat was granted by *Sir Edward Walker*, garter, the 1st of August, 1660, to the Reverend Dr. *John Earles*, son of *Thomas Earles*, gent. sometime Register of the Archbishop's Court at *York*. He was Dean of *Westminster*,

and Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty King *Charles* the Second; and in the year 1663, made Bishop of *Salisbury*."
Guillim's *Heraldry*, folio. Lond. 1724. p. 282.

It is almost unnecessary to add that I was not aware of this grant, when I compiled the short account of Earle, at page 211, and spoke of my inability to give any information relative to his parents.

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